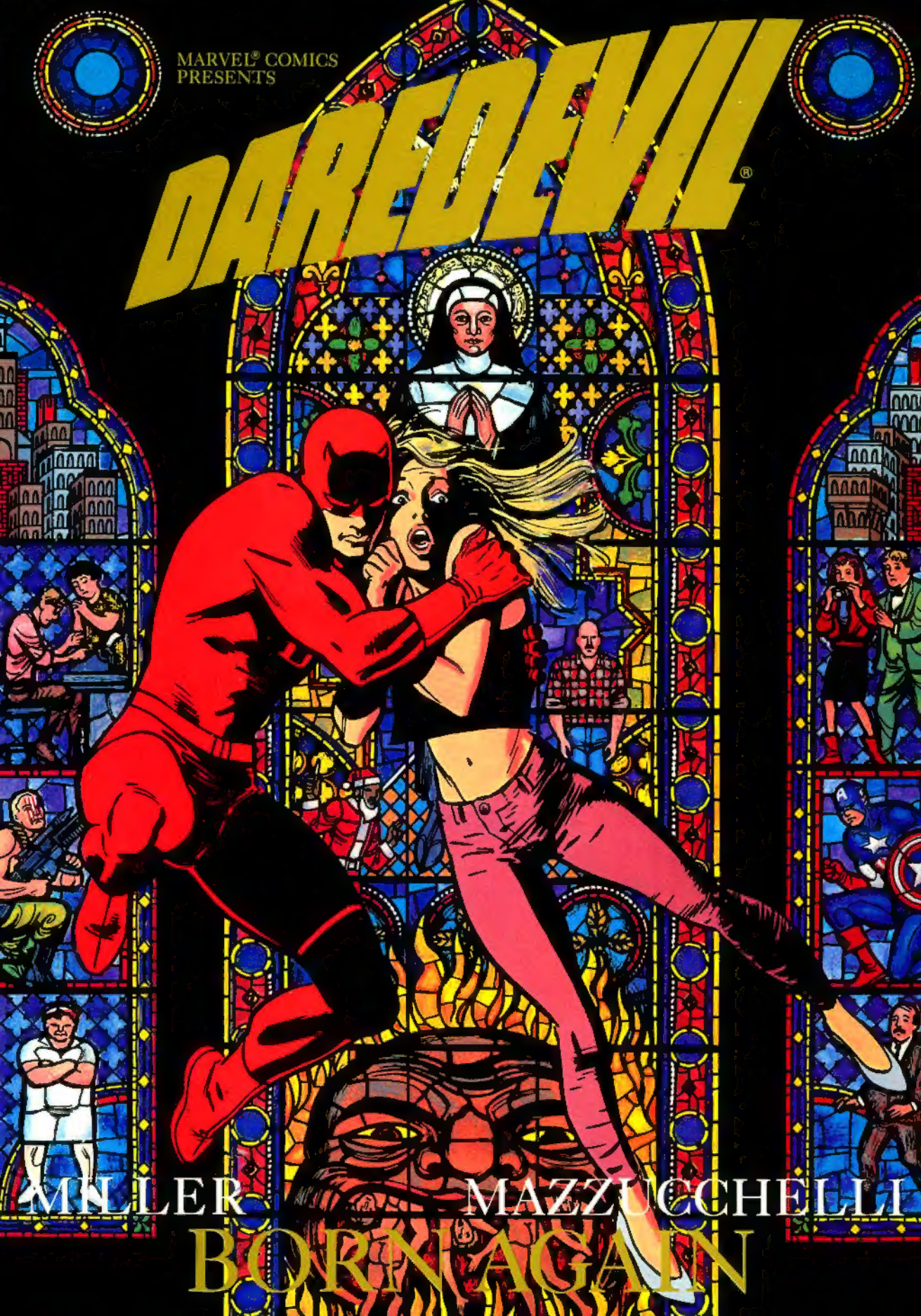
MARVEL® COMICS PRESENTS
DAREDEVIL®
MILLER
MAZZUCCHELLI
BORN AGAIN

DAREDEVIL
BORN AGAIN

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MURDOCK AGONISTES

At the center of the dark web of deceit and corruption squats the spider — bloated on the blood of his victims. His movements may be slow and nearly hypnotic as he spins additional strands, or blindingly fast when a victim is entrapped. And this spider revels in the agony of its prey, in their frantic and futile attempts at escape as he ultimately descends on them to drain their life away.

I believe that arachnidan analogy holds when I think about the Kingpin, the Villain of our piece. Consider his brooding, overwhelming presence as you read this powerful little collection. He has no costume, no super powers, yet a more chilling vision of the malign I can't imagine. Here is a creature of such unspeakable evil that his supreme pleasure is in the meticulous destruction of the one good man he has ever known — Matthew Murdock — the Hero of our piece.

I say Murdock is our hero — and not Daredevil, his alter-ego — because in this brilliantly told sequence of stories, the Kingpin strips away everything from this good and honorable man: his home; his job; his friends; his identity; his very sanity. But the core of him remains. The fighter. The man who will not surrender or die. The Man Without Fear!

In this larger-than-life theater, the forces of corruption and redemption have at one another with a Wagnerian intensity that rivals the very best this medium has ever produced. At stake — one man's immortal, indestructible soul.

Presenting this mind-stunning excursion are messers *Frank Miller* and *David Mazzucchelli.* And if ever two people were born to collaborate, these gentleman are it. As editor of this series, I was privileged to watch the growth of artist Mazzucchelli as he gave visual birth to the innumerable ideas he and Frank had concocted. David's evocative, singular style perfectly complemented the tight, explosive scripting of his co-creator. Of course, it was a pleasure to watch Frank Miller return to the book he'd cut his artistic eyeteeth on several years ago, and surpass even that incredible, initial effort.

And so we're re-presenting this beautiful "Born Again" series between two covers. We're proud of it and the people who created it. Everyone — and I mean everyone — connected with these eight issues worked himself silly to provide you people with the best entertainment we could. And why not — you're family.

One final thing. Next time we run one of these trade paperbacks I'm in charge of, remind me to tell you about the time I playfully grabbed Frank Miller's portfolio from him in the middle of Park Avenue and ran off down the block just for laughs. Clipped me with that billy club before I got ten steps.

Enjoy,
Ralph Macchio
July, 1987

IT'S A *HOT* DAY. LIKE ALL THE REST. ALL *TWO YEARS* OF THEM.

TWO YEARS... AND THE MOTION PICTURE *EPIC* THAT TURNED INTO JUST ANOTHER *COME-ON* ISN'T EVEN A *MEMORY*...

...YEAH, I'M *SURE* I SEEN ONE OF YOUR FLICKS. YOU'RE BIG AT THE *STAG* PARTIES.

WHAT'S YOUR *NAME* AGAIN?

PAGE. KAREN PAGE.

LIKE ALL THE REST. EXCEPT *THIS* ONE HAS A SPECIAL *GLOW* TO IT. IT'S NOT *EVERY* DAY YOU SELL YOUR *SOUL*.

THAT'S NO WAY TO THINK. GROW UP. IT'S THE *EIGHTIES*. YOU DO WHAT YOU *HAVE* TO.

AND YOU *HAVE* TO DO IT...

LOOK. THIS IS *WORTH* SOMETHING.

TAKE IT TO THE *STATES* AND YOU'LL GET A *MILLION* FOR IT.

GIRL WILL SAY *LOTS* WHEN SHE'S *HUNGRY*. THINGS I HEAR...

WANT A *SHOT*? NO, DIDN'T THINK SO -- NOT A SHOT OF *BOOZE*, ANYWAY...

DAREDEVIL, OKAY? I *SAID* IT. I SAID THE *NAME*.

AND HE'S GOT *ANOTHER* NAME. AND IT'S WRITTEN DOWN RIGHT *HERE*. YOU WANT IT OR *NOT*?

SIX WEEKS LATER, ALL JUST AS HOT...

EAST COAST CONNECTION'S DONE RIGHT BY YOU, TONIO. JUST LOOK AT ALL THIS.

NOT LIKE THE OLD DAYS.

OLD DAYS, WE HAD TIME ON OUR HANDS, RALDO. RIGHT NOW, I GOT FIVE MINUTES...

YOUR TIME'S WORTH PLENTY, TONIO -- AND WHAT I GOT'S WORTH PLENTY OF PLENTY.

DAREDEVIL'S SECRET IDENTITY...

THAT'S WORTH YOUR LIFE, RALDO.

OH, NO, THIS -- THIS IS GOOD, MAN...

...AND VERY SOON, AT A MUCH COOLER PLACE...

GOOD, GENTLEMEN, BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH. WE MUST EXPAND MORE QUICKLY INTO LEGITIMATE ENTERPRISES. THEY ARE TO BECOME THE BACKBONE OF OUR ORGANIZATION.

YOU ARE DISMISSED.

UH... EXCUSE ME, SIR...

THERE ISN'T A MAN ON DECK WHO DOESN'T JUMP WHEN STILLSON SPEAKS UP. WELL, THERE'S ONE--

--BUT NOBODY'S SURE IF THE WORD "MAN" QUITE COVERS HIM...

SIR, IT'S FROM MEXICO... MIGHT NOT BE ANYTHING...

...CALLING HIM THE KINGPIN--THAT COVERS HIM, WELL AS ANY WORD CAN.

SAYING HE'S THE BOSS OF EVERY-THING BAD THAT MAKES MONEY IN WHAT MUST BE MOST OF THE FREE WORLD...

...MY COUSIN DOWN THERE...TONIO ...HE...I WOULDN'T BRING IT UP. BUT YOU SAID TO KEEP THE LINES OUT FOR THIS.

LOCAL PUSHER DOWN THERE SAYS HE MET DAREDEVIL'S OLD LADY. HIS OLD OLD LADY, I MEAN. SAYS FOR A ARMFUL SHE SOLD HIS NAME...

...HIS REAL NAME, I MEAN...

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. GIVE IT TO ME.

NOBODY NEEDS TO BE TOLD. THEY ALL LEAVE, FAST AS THEY CAN WITHOUT LOOKING LIKE WIMPS.

EXCEPT FOR WESLEY, OF COURSE. WESLEY, HE ALWAYS STICKS AROUND FOR ANY LAST MINUTE ORDERS.

WHICH IS WHY EVERY-BODY'S SO NICE TO WESLEY.

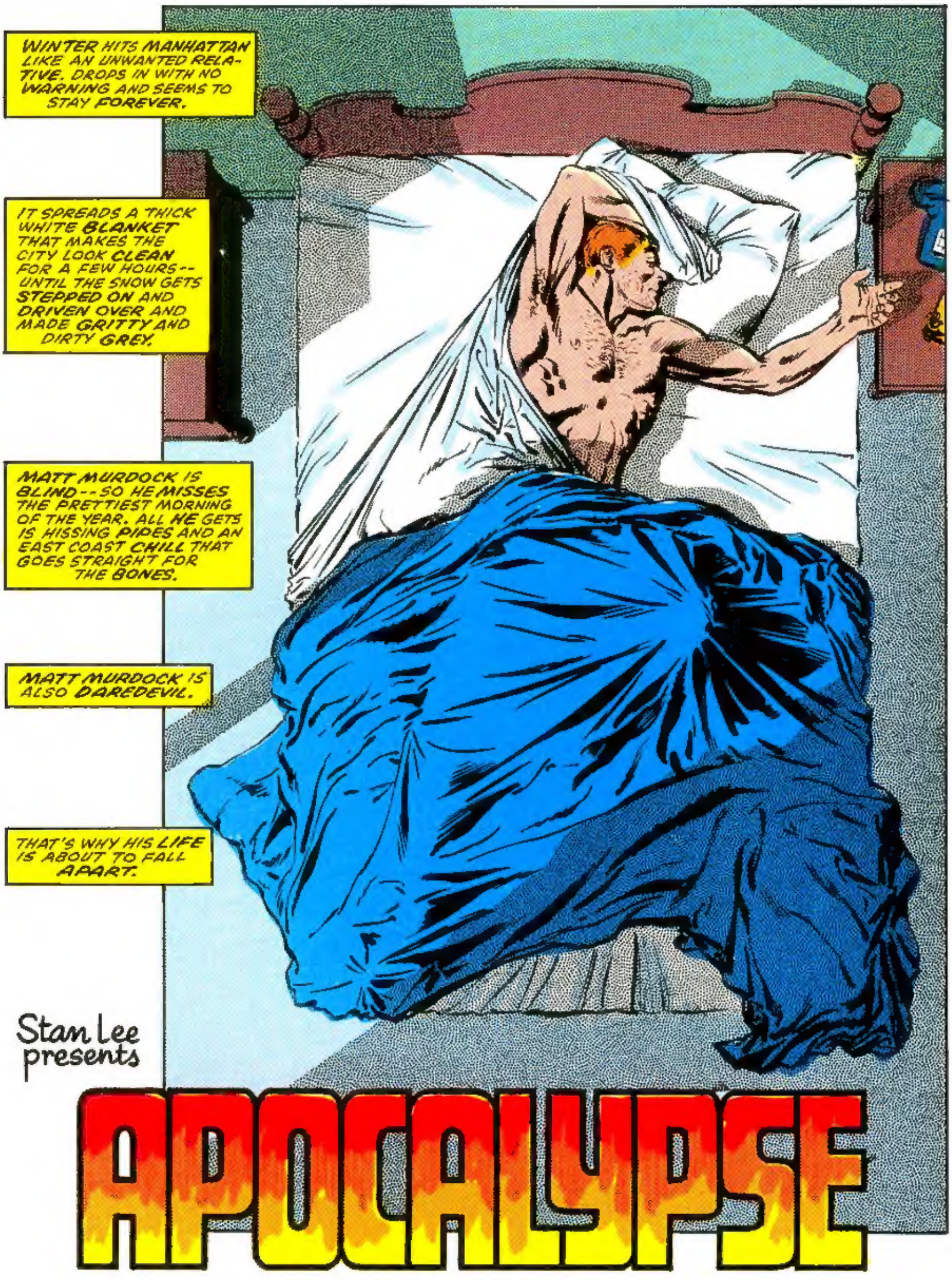
TURN THE YACHT BACK TO NEW YORK.

LOCATE EVERYONE WHO HAS TOUCHED THIS ENVELOPE --OR SPOKEN TO ANYONE WHO HAS -- AND AWAIT THE KILL ORDER.

IN THE MEANTIME...

...I SHALL TEST THE INFORMATION.

SIX MONTHS PASS.


WINTER HITS MANHATTAN LIKE AN UNWANTED RELATIVE. DROPS IN WITH NO WARNING AND SEEMS TO STAY FOREVER.
IT SPREADS A THICK WHITE BLANKET THAT MAKES THE CITY LOOK CLEAN FOR A FEW HOURS -- UNTIL THE SNOW GETS STEPPED ON AND DRIVEN OVER AND MADE GRITTY AND DIRTY GREY.
MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND -- SO HE MISSES THE PRETTIEST MORNING OF THE YEAR. ALL HE GETS IS HISSING PIPES AND AN EAST COAST CHILL THAT GOES STRAIGHT FOR THE BONES.
MATT MURDOCK IS ALSO DAREDEVIL.
THAT'S WHY HIS LIFE IS ABOUT TO FALL APART.

Stan Lee presents

APOCALYPSE

By FRANK MILLER AND DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI

CHRISTIE SCHEELE
COLORS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAREDEVIL... HE ROLLS THE NAME ACROSS THE BROISE THAT IS HIS MIND... COMFORTING, IT ISN'T. BUT AT LEAST IT'S REAL.

EVERY OTHER PART OF HIM IS SO FAR AWAY...

I DON'T DRINK, HE THINKS. I DIDN'T DRINK LAST NIGHT.

THIS ONLY FEELS LIKE A HANGOVER.

DAREDEVIL...

...A VICTIM, THAT'S WHAT I AM, AND THAT'S WHAT DAREDEVIL IS. A VICTIM OF RADIATION--

--THAT GAVE ME SUPERHUMAN ACUTENESS OF FOUR SENSES--

--AND PLUNGED ME INTO A WORLD OF ETERNAL DARKNESS.

I DIDN'T ASK FOR IT. BUT I BECAME DAREDEVIL. I FIGHT CRIME.

THAT MUCH I'VE DONE RIGHT WITH MY LIFE.

I LISTEN TO THE MUFFLED BEEPS AND BLEATING OF A GROUCHY CITY GONE GROUCHIER. I SHAKE ONE OR TWO OF THE COB-WEBS FROM MY BRAIN.

WHY DID I GET UP THIS MORNING?

DON'T HAVE ANY APPOINTMENTS. DON'T EVEN HAVE A JOB.

AND I'D BETTER LAY OFF CRIMEFIGHTING UNTIL MY KNUCKLES HEAL.

A TINY, ICY DRAFT CUTS ACROSS MY LOWER CALF, REMINDING ME...

...DRAFT'S FROM THE MAIL CHUTE. HEARD THE MAIL SLIP THROUGH IT AND HIT THE FLOOR.

THAT'S WHAT WOKE ME UP. THAT'S WHY I GOT OUT OF BED.

IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR THE JOB OFFERS TO START COMING IN.

I READ THE ENVELOPES WITH MY FINGERS. THE EMBOSSED ONES ARE EASY. GOING BY THE SCANT IMPRESSION OF THE INK ON THE OTHERS IS A PAIN. THIS EARLY IN THE DAY.

NOTHING WITH THE MASTHEAD OF A LAW FIRM...

...WORD MUST NOT HAVE GOTTEN OUT YET THAT THE HOTTEST ATTORNEY SINCE F. LEE BAILEY IS UP FOR GRABS.

AMAZING HOW LONG IT TAKES FOR THE NEWS TO CIRCULATE WHEN YOU WANT IT TO.

NO, NO OFFERS. THREE BILLS, SOMETHING FROM THE MARCH OF DIMES--

--THE PLASTIC RECTANGLE OF A CASSETTE TAPE FROM MY GIRLFRIEND--CAN'T BE GOOD, SINCE SHE LIVES IN TOWN--

--LETTER FROM MY BANK, SAYING THEY HAVEN'T RECEIVED MY LAST TWO MORTGAGE PAYMENTS--TRUST THEM TO SCREW UP EVERY CHANCE THEY GET--

--AND A NOTICE FROM INTERNAL REVENUE THAT MY TAX FILES ARE BEING AUDITED AND THAT EVERY PENNY I HAVE IS FROZEN UNTIL THE AUDIT IS COMPLETE.

ALL THIS BEFORE COFFEE.

MATT, THIS IS GLORI!...

...I BEEN TRYIN' TO CALL YE FOR DAYS NOW...

HI, SYD, THIS IS MATT.

JUST GOT SOMETHING FROM THE IRS...

. . .YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE HOME MUCH--YOU'RE NEVER HOME FOR ME, ANYWAY...

IT'S...WH...WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SYD? YOU'VE BEEN MY ACCOUNTANT FOR... YOU CAN'T...

...YOU CAN'T MEAN THIS, SYD... LYING TO YOU? SYD, MY RECORDS ARE SPOTLESS--

...THIS MAY NOT BE THE BEST WAY TO SAY THIS TO YE, MATT, AND I KNOW THIS IS ALREADY A BAD TIME FOR YE..

--HELLO?

...BUT I'M OUT OF PATIENCE, MATT THE WAY YE TREAT ME I...

. . .I'M THROUGH WITH YE, MAYBE IF YE'D LET ME IN ON WHAT'S PLAGUING YE, I'D... BUT...

...I'D APPRECIATE YE NOT MAKIN' THIS ALL ANY MORE DIFFICULT, I... WHAT I'M SAYIN' IS THAT I'D RATHER YE DIDN'T CALL ME...

NOK NOK

IT'S A SUB-POENA. DE-MANDING MY PRESENCE AT A GRAND JURY HEARING.

NOT AS A WITNESS.

ONE HOUR LATER, UPTOWN...

YOU'RE A DISEASE, MAWTHEW.

I'M RISKING MY STANDING JUST BY TALKING WITH YOU.

IF THE CHARGE HAD BEEN MADE BY ANY OTHER COP-- ANY OTHER, MAWTHEW--

--BUT NICHOLAS MANOLIS, TWENTY YEARS OF IMPECCABLE PERFORMANCE...

I KNOW HIS RECORD.

FAR BE IT FROM ME TO JUDGE YOU. BUT THIS IS A SWORN STATEMENT FROM LT. MANOLIS.

HE SAYS HE SAW YOU PAY A WITNESS TO PERJURE HIMSELF IN THAT HENDRICKS CASE.

I CAN'T BELIEVE NICK MANOLIS WOULD DO THIS-- NOT FOR ANYTHING...

WE NEVER HAD THIS CONVERSATION, MAWTHEW.

AND WHAT-EVER YOU DO-- DON'T HARASS MANOLIS. WOULDN'T BE GOOD FORM...

HAVE A NICE DAY.

DON'T PUSH IT...

NIGHT FALLS, TOO QUICKLY

. SNOW'S GOT THE TRAFFIC ALL *SNARLED*. GOT HERE AS FAST AS I *COULD*.

Y'KNOW, YOU SHOULDN'T LEAVE YOUR *DOOR* UNLOCKED LIKE THIS, GLORI.

'T S NOT--

GLORI!

OH, *NO*...

TOOK *EVERYTHING*, FOGGY--CAME *HOME* AND THEY'D TAKEN *EVERYTHING*--

-- WHAT KIND OF *PEOPLE* WOULD *DO* THIS--

--*HATEFUL* CITY *HATEFUL*-- SCARES ME WORSE THAN *BELFAST* BOMBS AND *ALL*--

-- THEY RUINED MY *PICTURES* FOGGY WHAT KIND OF *PEOPLE*--

YOU RE *SAFE* GLORI. *THAT'S* WHAT COUNTS. COME ON. .I'LL FIX YOU A CUP OF *COFFEE*...

--*NO* NOT *HERE*--WITH EVERY-THING *BROKEN* AND SKEWED *AROUND*--

-- I CAN'T *STAY* HERE TONIGHT --

My name is BEN URICH I'm a REPORTER

I'm working the NIGHT SHIFT at a great metropolitan NEWSPAPER when a piece of DYNAMITE is dropped on my desk

DAILY BUGLE

It's not the kind that HISSES It just RUSTLES in Robertson's HAND...

CHECK THIS ONE *OUT* FOR ME, BEN.

SURE. I'VE GOT *NOTHING* BUT TIME.

It's disguised as an Associated Press WIRE--

--that says MATT MURDOCK faces a HOST of criminal charges, including BRIBERY, PERJURY, and MISCONDUCT

MATT MURDOCK is the most HONEST man I KNOW

MATT--BEN, I JUST *HEARD*--

"I have no statement for the press, a stranger tells me.

MATT--IF IT'S OFF THE *RECORD*--YOU KNOW YOU CAN *TRUST* ME...

A CHUCKLE, like DRY ICE cracking

MATT--I'M YOUR *FRIEND*, REMEMBER?

He LAUGHS. The line goes DEAD

The LAUGH seems to ECHO through the office. I try to match it with the man who saved my LIFE

I WORRY - not about his HONESTY

THE BANK INSISTS I HAVEN'T PAID THEM

THEY THREATEN TO FORECLOSE.

I LOSE MY TEMPER AND YELL AT THEM AND THEY HANG UP ON ME.

I PULL OUT MY CHECK-BOOK AND RUN MY FINGERS ACROSS THE STUBS. THEY'RE WRITTEN WITH A BALLPOINT PEN--LEAVES DEEP, EASY-TO-READ GROOVES IN THE PAPER.

I WROTE THE CHECKS, ALL RIGHT. ON TIME, LIKE ALL MY BILLS.

--BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF THEM IN MY MONTHLY STATEMENTS.

THE BANK NEVER CASHED THEM.

MAYBE THEY WERE LOST IN THE MAIL.

WITH MY MONEY FROZEN BY THE IRS, HOW CAN I...

...I HATE MONEY..

...OUTSIDE THE SNOW HAS TURNED TO SLEET, TRYING TO CHIP AWAY THE WALLS AROUND ME

SOMETHING LOOSE AND WILD FLOWS THROUGH THE CITY. I FEEL MY PULSE QUICKEN, LIKE A JUNGLE DRUM.

IT'S THE NIGHT. I'VE ALWAYS LOVED IT.

I GRAB THE WEIGHT-LESS BUNDLE OF CLOTH--THE ONLY PART OF MY LIFE WORTH LIVING ANY MORE...

...THE ONE RELIEF I CAN GIVE MYSELF.

...WHEN IT ALL GETS TO BE TOO MUCH.

SHE GREETS ME WITH A BLAST OF WIND AND HER ENDLESS, ANGRY ROAR.

SHE HUMS WITH POWER AND TICKLES MY LEGS WITH A THOUSAND FLIRTING FINGERS--

--LAUGHS AT ME, BLOWS A GUST OF FILTHY SMOKE IN MY FACE--

--TRICKS ME WITH SLIPPERY STONE--

--RATTLES HER WINDOWS WITH DELIGHT AS I MOVE ACROSS HER, FEELING HER WARMTH...

GETTING *NASTY* OUT THERE, HUH?

BOY, SEEMS LIKE JUST *YESTERDAY* IT WAS *FALL*.

YESTERDAY IT *WAS* FALL, FOGGY.

S'POSE IT WAS. WANT SOME MORE *DECAF*?

SURE AND I'LL *BURST* IF I DO.

FOGGY... I SO *APPRECIATE* YOUR *KINDNESS*. WHEN I CAME *HOME* -- AND *SAW* THE... IT WAS LIKE I DIDN'T HAVE A FRIEND IN THE ENTIRE *WORLD*.

SHOULDN'T *EVER* FEEL *THAT* WAY GLORI.

AND *YOURS* WAS THE VERY FIRST NAME I *THOUGHT* OF. AND HERE I AM ALL *WARM* AND *COMFORTED*.

WHY, I'M NOT EVEN *QUAKIN'* ANY MORE... THOUGHT *SURE* I'D *NEVER* STOP...

...HERE ...FEEL MY *HAND*...

...BETTER GET TO *BED*...

WILL YOU LOOK AT THE *TIME*...

...I'LL TAKE THE *COUCH*.

THE MUSIC IN THERE IS THE KIND YOU HEAR IN DEPARTMENT STORES. THERE'S SOMETHING OBSCENE ABOUT PLAYING IT LOUD.

AND LOUD IT IS. I'M SURPRISED THE BUILDING DOESN'T SHAKE.

HOW HE CAN FOLLOW THAT STUPID SITCOM HE'S WATCHING IS BEYOND ME. OF COURSE I'VE GOT THIS PROBLEM WITH VISUAL ENTERTAINMENT...

HE GRUNTS. UNSTEADY, DRUNKEN STEPS WORK THEIR WAY TO THE KITCHEN. I'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH TIME...

TWENTY YEARS, NICK...

...WHY START LYING NOW?

GET OUT OF MY HOME.

IT'S ALL WRONG, NICK. I KNOW YOU.

AND I HAVE TO KNOW WHY YOU'RE TRYING TO RUIN MATT MURDOCK.

HE FLINCHES, AT THE NAME. I SMELL HIS OILY, GUILTY SWEAT.

I FEEL THE HEAT ON HIS CHEEK--A FLUSH OF DEFIANT RAGE.

THE SOUND BELONGS IN A SOUTH STREET BAR--

KRAKTH

I COULD FORCE THE TRUTH FROM HIM, TOUGH AS HE IS.

I'D HAVE TO USE TORTURE...

FAPP

SKRUNCH

CORN FLAKES

HE'D DESERVE IT...

I SAID GET OUT OF MY HOME--

KLIK WHRRR KLIK WHRRRR

HE SHOWED UP. YEAH, DAREDEVIL. I DID WHAT YOU SAID TO

ABOUT MY BOY... DOCTORS SAID HE NEEDS THAT TREATMENT SOON...

HE GOES ON-- ABOUT HIS BOY AND HOW HE'LL SAY WHATEVER THEY WANT HIM TO SAY AT THE HEARING.

A SYMPHONIC VERSION OF THE THEME TO "KOJAK" IS GETTING INTO FULL SWING, SO I MISS THE VOICE ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE.

IT'S HARD TO STOMACH THE MUZAK OR NICK'S WHINING.

--SO I LEAVE HIM AT THE MERCY OF HIS GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

I'VE LEARNED THIS MUCH-- SOMEBODY IS OUT TO GET MATT MURDOCK. SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS THE RIGHT BUTTONS TO PUSH WITH THE RIGHT PEOPLE.

BUT WHO? AND WHY?

I GO HOME-- MORE AND MORE IT FEELS LIKE THE ONLY SAFE PLACE--

--IT ISN'T UNTIL I TRY TO FIX DINNER THAT I REALIZE THE POWER'S OFF.

I TRY CON EDISON'S EMERGENCY NUMBER. MY PHONE'S BEEN DISCONNECTED.

IT'S BEEN A DAY.

THE FIRST THING FOGGY NELSON FEELS THIS MORNING IS AN IRRITATING KNOT AT THE BASE OF HIS SKULL.

HE FORGETS IT AS SOON AS HE SMELLS THE FRYING BACON.

--AND EGGS--

--AND PANCAKES.

FOGGY THINKS HE'S DIED AND GONE TO HEAVEN.

MUST'VE. THAT'S AN ANGEL.

SHE GLANCES AT HIM. HE FEELS HER SMILE BEFORE HE SEES IT

SHE DOESN'T SAY A WORD.

RINGG

NELSON RESIDENCE.

...HELLO, MATT,.. NO, YE DIDN'T MISDIAL... I'LL PUT HIM ON...

MATT! HI! LISTEN, THE *CRAZIEST* THING HAPPENED LAST NIGHT,--

--WHAT? HARD TO *HEAR* YOU, MATT. WHERE--A *PHONE BOOTH*? AT *THIS* HOUR?...

...WH...DID YOU SAY *GRAND JURY*? ...NO, I *HADN'T* HEARD.

OH, GOLLY. OH GOLLY.

THE NEXT FEW WEEKS GO POORLY FOR MATTHEW MURDOCK.

HE WRITHES LIKE A FLY IN A SPIDER'S WEB. MY WEB, THINKS THE KINGPIN...

...SO CAREFULLY WOVEN. SO NEATLY PLACED.

HIS PLANT AT THE LAW LIBRARY REPORTS TO THE CRIMELORD OF MURDOCK'S DAYS SPENT WORKING WITH HIS PARTNER BEYOND ALL FATIGUE, STRIVING TO FORM A DEFENSE AGAINST THE PERFECT FRAME...

...PHOTOGRAPHS, TAKEN BY TELESCOPE--FOR THE MAN'S DEFENSES ARE YET UNKNOWN--PROVIDE A STOP-MOTION STUDY OF MURDOCK'S DETERIORATION...

...MOST DELICIOUS ARE THE NIGHTS, AS LOW-LEVEL STOOLIES, LIKE DISTANT NERVE ENDINGS, TELL OF INCREASINGLY VIOLENT, INCREASINGLY ABERRANT ASSAULTS BY A WARRIOR WHOSE FISTS ARE NO HELP AGAINST THE CORROSIVE GAS THAT FILLS HIS LIFE...

...ASSAULTS WHICH CLIMAX IN AN ENLIGHTENING EPISODE.

IT HAPPENS IN A WATERFRONT SALOON--ONE HE FREQUENTS TO PRY INFORMATION FROM THE LOWEST ECHELON OF MY ORGANIZATION.

ONE HE ENTERS NOW AS AN ANGRY BEGGAR--WITH NO SENSE OF CAUTION OR STRATEGY--

--HE IS A LOST MAN, THRASHING...

MATT MURDOCK!

WHO'S GONNA TALK ABOUT MATT MURDOCK?

NO ONE TELLS HIM ANYTHING OF VALUE, NO ONE COULD, BUT I.

FOR I HAVE KEPT MY MOVEMENTS SCATTERED AMONG A DOZEN LIEUTENANTS, NONE OF WHOM POSSESS MORE THAN A SINGLE SCRAP OF INFORMATION.

I HAVE GIVEN THE WORD--FROM STILLSON TO KAREN PAGE--ALL WHO MIGHT KNOW WILL DIE.

DAREDEVIL IS MATTHEW MURDOCK --AND MORE--

--THERE IS A RIFT INSIDE HIM--A WEDGE --STEADILY WEAKENING HIS REASON--

--STEADILY DRIVING HIM INSANE.

THE HEARING IS MADE NOTEWORTHY BY THE PERFORMANCE OF FRANKLIN NELSON, WHOSE EYE FOR LEGAL DETAIL AND IMAGINATIVE USE OF PRECEDENT CAUSE ME TO MAKE A NOTE TO HAVE HIM HIRED.

THROUGH IT ALL, I AM TOLD, MURDOCK IS A GHOST--A SHELL OF A MAN...

...EVEN AS HE HEARS THE MUCH-TEMPERED VERDICT OF THE COURT THAT HE WILL NOT FACE A PRISON SENTENCE, AS I HAD PLANNED--

--THAT ALL HE WILL LOSE IS HIS LICENSE TO PRACTICE LAW...

...WHATEVER REACTIONS HE HAS ARE HIDDEN--EVEN, I SUSPECT, FROM HIMSELF.

HE FACES POVERTY AND PUBLIC SHAME. HE WILL BE HOUNDED BY DOCTORED TAX FILES, DEPRIVED OF HIS VERY HOME. SURVIVAL WILL BECOME HIS ONLY CONCERN.

PERHAPS I WILL HIRE HIM --WHAT IS LEFT OF HIM-- AFTER A TIME. AFTER HE HAS LEARNED HOW POWERLESS HE IS.

HIS TALENTS WOULD BE VALUABLE--AND HIS HONOR WILL CRUSH ITSELF.

HIS TALENT. YES. ANY MAN SO DEDICATED AS TO PRETEND TO BLINDNESS IN DAILY LIFE HAS SURELY DEVELOPED A RANGE OF METHODS AND TECHNIQUES THAT WOULD BE AN ASSET TO MY ENTERPRISES.

AN EFFICACIOUS OPPONENT. STILL HE INTRIGUES ME. STILL I AM NOT SATISFIED.

I SHOULD NOT TAMPER WITH THIS. I AM WELL POSITIONED. I SHOULD LEAVE HIM TO THE MISERY THAT AWAITS HIM.

I MUST DENY MYSELF THE EXQUISITE PLEASURE OF A KILLING STROKE...

I FEEL AWFUL, MATT... JUST AWFUL...

YOU WERE BRILLIANT, FOGGY. YOU KEPT ME OUT OF PRISON.

I HAVEN'T DONE MUCH TO DESERVE THIS KIND OF FRIENDSHIP...

--NEVER STOPS BEING HOT HERE BUT KAREN PAGE IS COLD -- SHAKING WITH COLD FROM HEAD TO FOOT--

--IT STREAKS ALONG HER ARMS AND LEGS AND HER STOMACH LURCHES LIKE AN AIRPLANE ENGINE STARTING--

--GOT NO MONEY BUT STILL HAVE SOME OF MY LOOKS LEFT--

--HE'D SAID THAT-- SAID I STILL HAVE SOME OF MY LOOKS --

--ENOUGH FOR--

--SOME OF MY LOOKS I'M JUST TWENTY-FIVE--

FUPP

SPAKK

--EVEN AS SHE RUNS SHE HATES HERSELF FOR THE NAME THAT COMES TO HER--

FUPP

SPAKK

--THE MAN WHO ALWAYS HELPED--

--MATT--

THE NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SITS TOO BIG IN MY JACKET POCKET. I'VE GOT THIRTY DAYS TO AVOID REPOSSESSION --BY PAYING OUT MONEY THE IRS WON'T LET ME NEAR.

THIRTY DAYS AND TEN DOLLARS IN MY WALLET AND...

...AND I'M NOT A LAWYER ANYMORE...

I'M NOT DEFEATED, EITHER. NOT YET.

MAYBE...MAYBE I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT ALL WRONG, LOOKING FOR A SINGLE ENEMY TO PIN IT ALL ON.

MAYBE IT'S EVERY-BODY, FROM INTERNAL REVENUE TO CON ED TO MA BELL TO--

--TO GLORI. I CALL FOGGY AT SEVEN IN THE MORNING AND GLORI ANSWERS.

FOGGY. HE'S IN ON IT TOO.

NO. FOGGY STOOD UP FOR ME, FOUGHT FOR ME. HE...BUT THAT COULD BE PART OF THE PLAN--

--WHAT AM I THINKING?

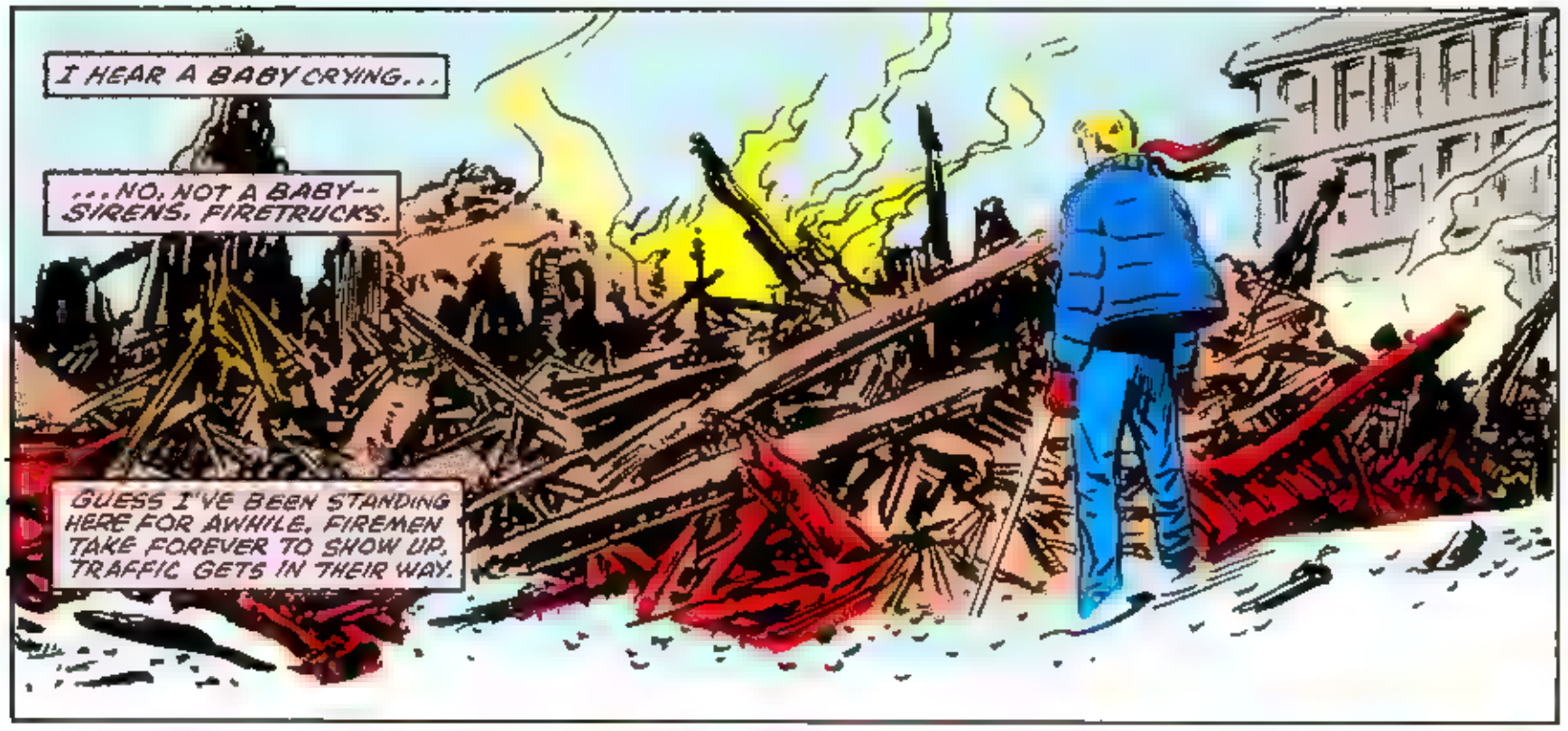
JUST TIRED. NEED TO SLEEP. IN MY OWN BED. MY OWN BED.

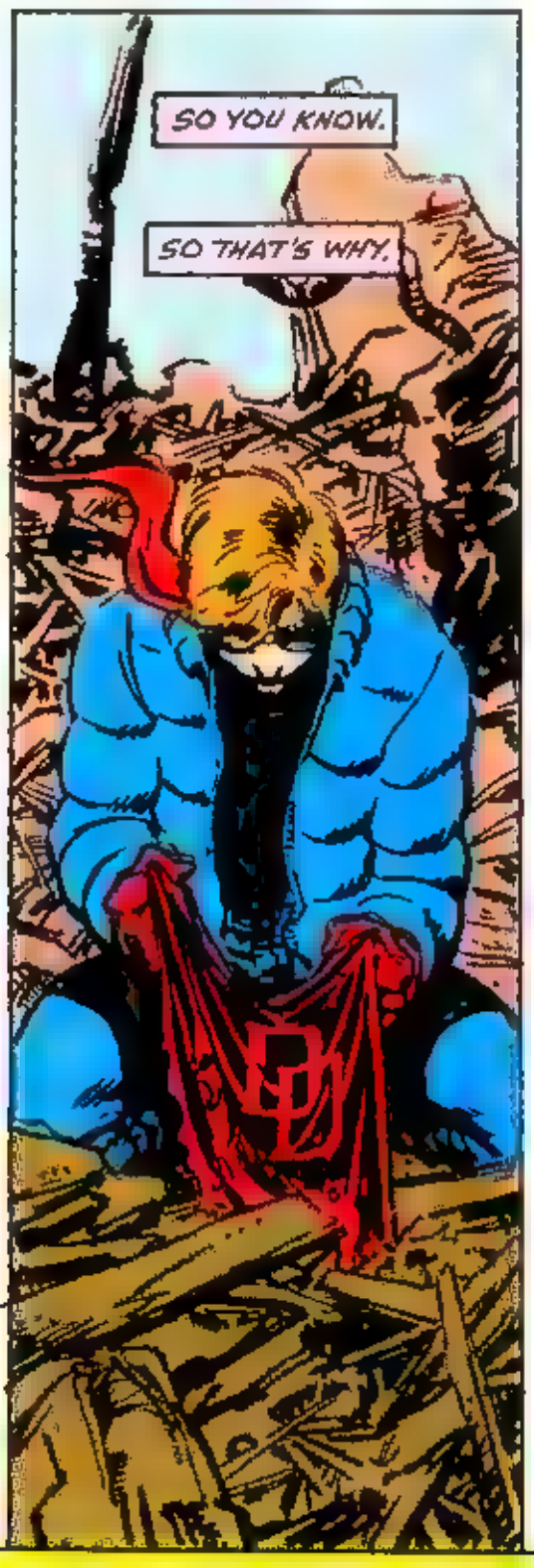
TOMORROW... TOMORROW I'LL DO SOMETHING...

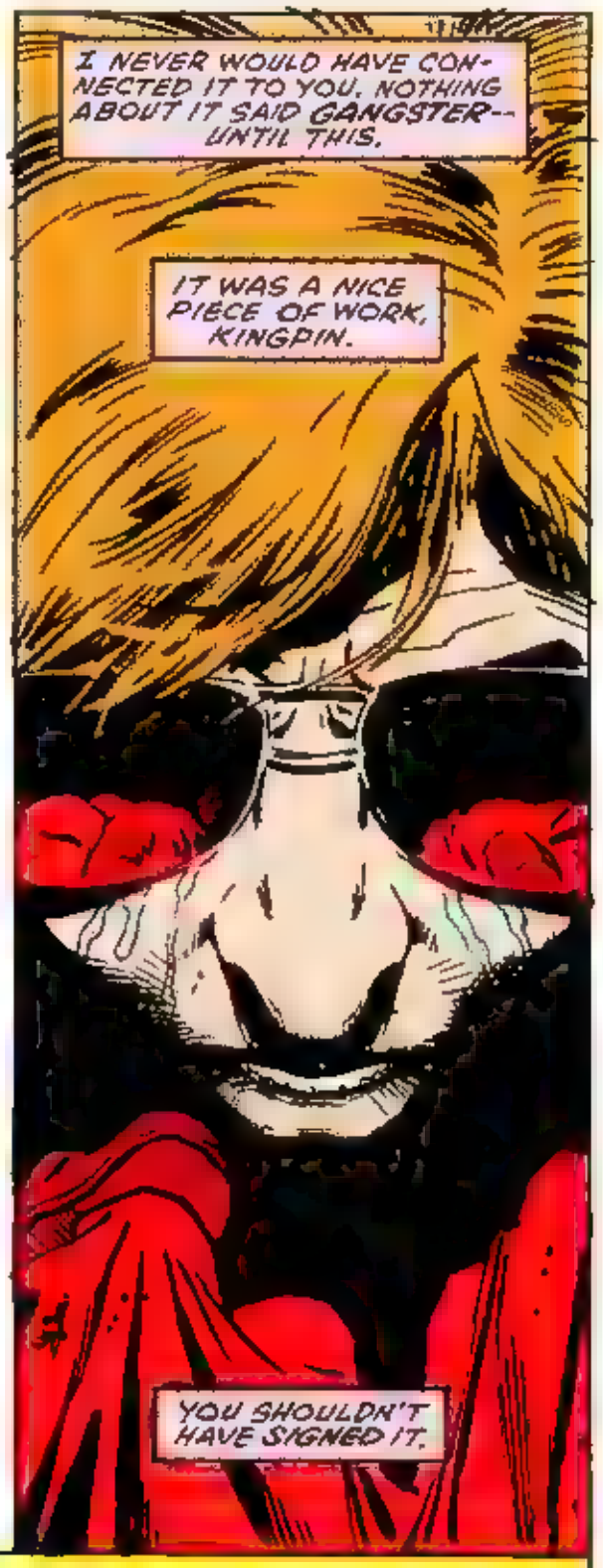
LEGS ARE SHAKY. MUST BE NERVOUS...

NO--IT'S THE PAVEMENT--

--THAT RUMBLE--


I HEAR A BABY CRYING...
...NO, NOT A BABY--SIRENS. FIRETRUCKS.
GUESS I'VE BEEN STANDING HERE FOR AWHILE. FIREMEN TAKE FOREVER TO SHOW UP. TRAFFIC GETS IN THEIR WAY.




I NEVER WOULD HAVE CONNECTED IT TO YOU. NOTHING ABOUT IT SAID GANGSTER--UNTIL THIS.
IT WAS A NICE PIECE OF WORK, KINGPIN.
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SIGNED IT.

Next: PURGATORY

THEY'RE ONLY **HUMAN.** THEY DO THEIR **BEST** NOT TO THINK OF **HIM**-- AND WHAT HE USED TO **BE.**

TO FOGGY NELSON, HE WAS **PARTNER** AND BEST **FRIEND.** TO GLORIANNA O'BREEN, HE WAS THE MAN SHE **LOVED.**

THEY DO THEIR **BEST...**

YE BE **CAREFUL** NOW, FOGGY...

ZZZTT

YOW!

FOGGY!

FOGGY--ARE YE ALL **RIGHT?**

NO **PROBLEM.** GLORI, LANDED ON SOME OF MY BEST **PADDING.**

RINGG

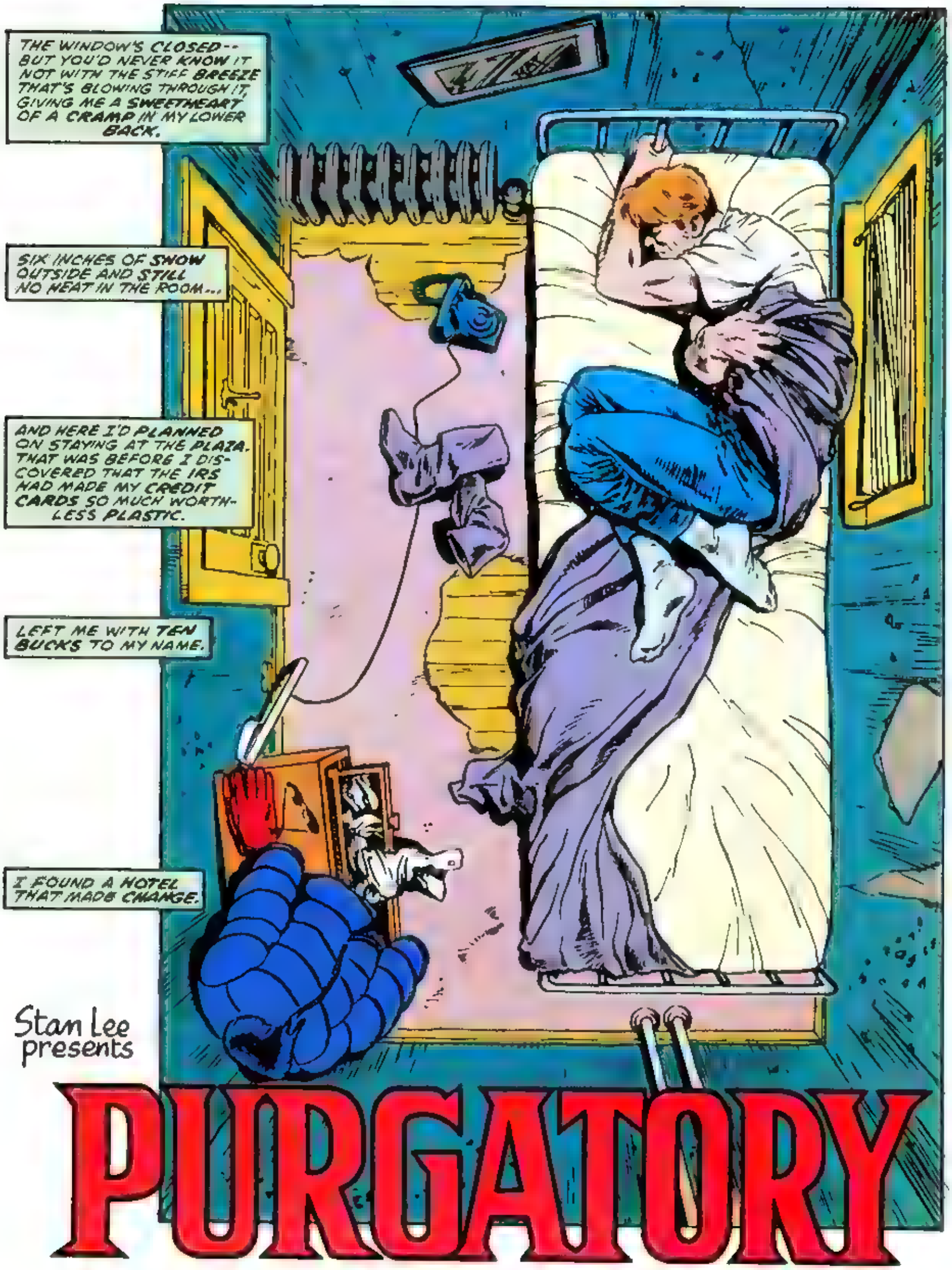
BETTER GET THE **PHONE...**

HELLO--

GLORI-- WHAT...

FOGGY--IT WAS **MATT--**

--AN HE DINNA MAKE ANY **SENSE--**


THE WINDOW'S CLOSED-- BUT YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT NOT WITH THE STIFF BREEZE THAT'S BLOWING THROUGH IT, GIVING ME A SWEETHEART OF A CRAMP IN MY LOWER BACK.
SIX INCHES OF SNOW OUTSIDE AND STILL NO HEAT IN THE ROOM...
AND HERE I'D PLANNED ON STAYING AT THE PLAZA. THAT WAS BEFORE I DISCOVERED THAT THE IRS HAD MADE MY CREDIT CARDS SO MUCH WORTHLESS PLASTIC.
LEFT ME WITH TEN BUCKS TO MY NAME.
I FOUND A HOTEL THAT MADE CHANGE.

Stan Lee presents

PURGATORY

By FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI

MAZZUCCHELLI
COLORS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

PLACE SMELLS LIKE RAT HAIR. I'D MUCH RATHER STAY WITH A FRIEND.

SHOW ME ONE AND I'LL STAY WITH HIM

SHOW ME ONE SINGLE PERSON IN THE WORLD WHO HASN'T BETRAYED ME...

JUST A FEW DAYS AGO I WAS A PILLAR OF MY COMMUNITY--A RESPECTED FIGURE IN MY PROFESSION.

NOT TO MENTION MY SIDELINE OF BEING A SUPERHERO

NOW I'M JUST A BLIND MAN

...A BLIND MAN WHO'S LOST HIS JOB HIS LIVELIHOOD HIS HOME HIS GIRL..

.. WHO FATE GAVE THE ABILITY TO HEAR AND SMELL AND TOUCH BETTER THAN ANYBODY IN THE WORLD CAN--

--WHICH IS A GREAT WAY TO CATCH ALL THE MISERY OF BEING ALIVE

JUST A FEW DAYS AGO

...NO, I SHOULD HAVE SEEN ALL THIS COMING. STARTED MONTHS AGO, THINGS GOING WRONG FOR ME.

JUST LITTLE THINGS AT FIRST THE KIND YOU TRY NOT TO NOTICE. THE KIND THAT ADD UP UNTIL YOU WANT TO...

FOR THE LONGEST TIME I CHALKED IT UP TO UNPLEASANT CIRCUMSTANCE. I'M THAT KIND OF GUY.

TOOK A LOT TO CONVINCE ME WHAT WAS REALLY GOING ON.

FACT IS, THE FIRST TIME I HAD THE THOUGHT IT SOUNDED--WELL, IT DIDN'T MAKE ANY SENSE

BUT THE EVIDENCE KEPT PILING UP. THE PHONE COMPANY. THE POWER COMPANY. INTERNAL REVENUE. THE GRAND JURY. MY BEST FRIEND. MY LOVER. THE LIST GOES ON

ALL OF THEM. WORKING TOGETHER.

ALL OF THEM OUT TO GET ME

NO. NO. THAT'S -- I'M GOING --

--IT'S THE KINGPIN

THE KINGPIN. YES.

HE'S THE ONLY REAL ENEMY I HAVE. I'VE CAUSED HIM A LOT OF TROUBLE, FIGHTING CRIME -- SINCE THAT'S HIS BUSINESS, IT FOLLOWS THAT I'D CAUSE HIM TROUBLE. IT MAKES SENSE THAT I'D CAUSE HIM TROUBLE. IT...

...IT'S THE KINGPIN. SOMEHOW HE FOUND OUT THAT I'M DAREDEVIL.

HE BRIBED AND THREATENED EVERYBODY IT TOOK TO DESTROY ME.

I'VE GIVEN THIS A LOT OF THOUGHT.

THAT'S WHY I HAVEN'T LEFT THIS ROOM. TO THINK AND PUT TOGETHER A PLAN AND GET ENOUGH SLEEP I SEEM TO NEED SO MUCH SLEEP...

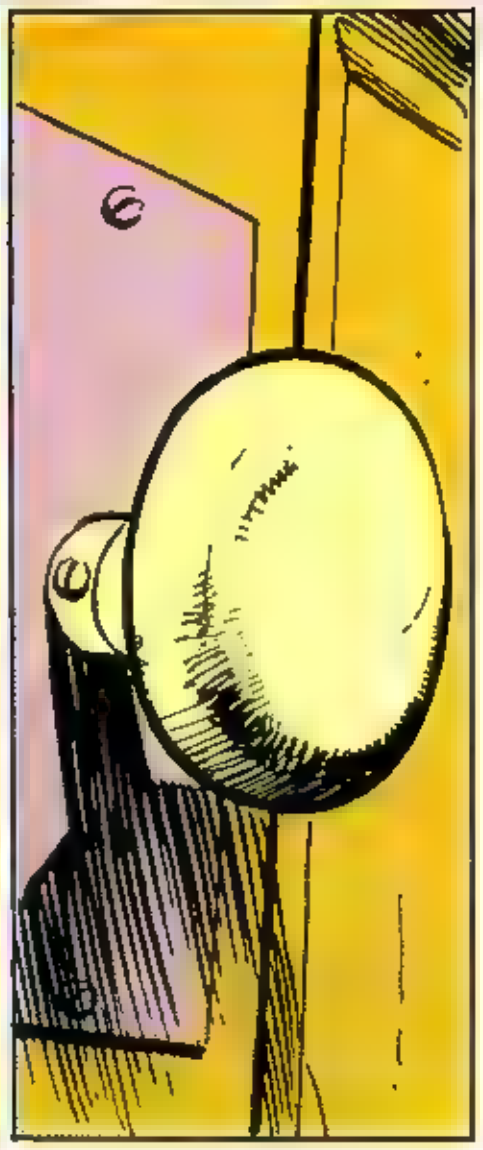
...BUT IT'S ALL WORKED OUT NOW. I'VE GOT MY STRATEGY.

I'M GOING TO GO TO THE KINGPIN AND I'M GOING TO KILL HIM.

NO. I WON'T KILL HIM. I DON'T DO THAT.

I'LL JUST BEAT HIM UNTIL HE PROMISES TO GIVE ME MY LIFE BACK.

I'LL GET UP RIGHT THIS MINUTE AND WALK TO THE DOOR AND LEAVE THE ROOM AND...



I'M TIRED...

HE IS THE LORD OF CRIME

HE HAS GATHERED THE WARRING GANGS OF THE CITY, ORGANIZED THEM INTO AN ARMY--NO, A BUSINESS, SO EFFICIENT AND SO PROFITABLE THAT THE CITY'S ECONOMY DEPENDS ON THE THIEVES, EXTORTIONISTS, AND MURDERERS AT HIS COMMAND.

HE IS THE KINGPIN AND MATTHEW MURDOCK HAS BECOME THE LIGHT OF HIS DAYS

AS DAREDEVIL, MURDOCK HAD COST HIM LITTLE. BUT HOUNDED HIM ANNOYED HIM, AS A FLY WOULD

NOW W[illegible] A MALICIOUS CHILD, THE KINGPIN TORTURES THE FLY

IT BEGAN WITH THE REVELATION OF DAREDEVIL'S WEAK SIDE--HIS SECRET IDENTITY. WITH A FEW BRIEF PHONE CALLS, THE KINGPIN SHATTERED MURDOCK'S LIFE, BEYOND ALL HOPE OF RECONSTRUCTION

THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE END OF IT--WERE IT NOT FOR THE SWEET DISCOVERY...

...THAT MATTHEW MURDOCK IS A MAN ON THE EDGE--THAT EVEN BEFORE HIS RUIN, HE WAS NEARLY MAD.

WERE MURDOCK TIED TO A RACK S[illegible] BEGGING FOR MERCY, THE SPECTACLE COULD BE NO MORE PLEASURABLE TO BEHOLD

THE KINGPIN LOOKS AT HIS CITY AND THINKS OF HOW WONDERFUL IT IS TO BE ALIVE

TWO BLOCKS AWAY SOME IDIOT IS PLAYING A RADIO.

THE BIG KIND.

IT'S STUCK BETWEEN STATIONS BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP THE IDIOT FROM PLAYING IT LOUD.

IT'S SPITTING OUT HALF-WORDS THAT MAKE NO SENSE AND STATIC THAT MAKES ANYONE IN EARSHOT FEEL LIKE A RICE KRISPY.

AND I'M ALWAYS IN EARSHOT.

D. MAZZ

THAT CAR ALARM WON'T EASE UP, EITHER.

DOESN'T CARE HOW TIRED I AM.

I'M GOT AS WELL GET UP WALK OUT THE DOOR GET SOMETHING TO EAT

WALK OUT THE DOOR

GOT TWO DOLLARS LEFT

THAT'S ENOUGH TO BUY ME SOME BREAKFAST.

GET SOME FOOD IN ME AND I'LL BE FINE.

THEN I'LL HIT THE GYM

YO NO GYM

THE KINGPIN BLEW IT UP.

MAYBE I'LL HIT THE KINGPIN.

HE'D MAKE A GOOD PUNCHING BAG

HE'S FAT ENOUGH.

WALK OUT THE DOOR

I WALK OUT AND A KIND STRANGER GIVES ME A RIDE UPTOWN TO THE KINGPIN'S HEADQUARTERS AND I PUNCH THE KINGPIN OUT AND HE BEGS FOR MERCY AND GIVES ME MY LIFE BACK AND SURRENDERS TO THE POLICE AND EVERYBODY KNOWS IT IS ME WHO BEAT HIM AND THERE'S A PARADE.

MUST'VE DOZED.

WAS GOING TO LEAVE.

TURNED THE DOORKNOB.

I'M NOT CALLING GLORI AGAIN.

SHE DOESN'T DESERVE ME.

IT'S THE OPERATOR I'M CALLING.

TO FIND OUT WHAT TIME IT IS.

RINGGG

. . NO MATT PLEASE DON'T SAY SUCH THINGS...

LET ME SPEAK TO HIM, GLORI.

MATT, THIS IS FOGGY--

HE HUNG UP...WHAT THE DEVIL IS WRONG WITH HIM...?

OH FOGGY-- I M SO--

RINGGG

I'M ON TO YOU, NELSON.

THEN IT HAPPENS

FOOTSTEPS. IN THE HALLWAY.

COMING THIS WAY.

COMING CLOSER.

CLOSER. BREATHING THROUGH HIS MOUTH LIKE FAT PEOPLE DO

WHEEZING. GRUNTING. STOPPING.

STOPPING. RIGHT OUTSIDE MY DOOR.

RIGHT OUT-SIDE MY DOOR.

NOK NOK

MUTTERED CURSE

KEYS JANGLING.

LOCK TURNING

CHECKOUT WAS AT NOON, BUM.

SO GIVE WITH EIGHT BUCKS OR YOU'RE OUT ON YOUR--

HKKKKK

HE'S GOOD.

SOUNDS AND SMELLS JUST LIKE THE KIND OF PHLEGMY, CIGAR-SMOKING PIG WHO'D RUN A DIVE LIKE THIS.

DRIBBLES SPIT ON MY HAND AND GOES LIMP.

IT'S A GOOD FAINT

I LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT.

NO POINT IN QUESTIONING HIM.

I KNOW WHO SENT HIM.

AND I'M COMING FOR YOU, KINGPIN.

IT IS INDEED BEHAVIOR OF THE LEAST NORMAL SORT THAT I OBSERVE WHILE PERUSING MATT MURDOCK AS PER YOUR ADVISEMENT, KINGPIN.

HE DROPS THE HOTEL MANAGER TO THE FLOOR AS ONE WOULD DROP A BAG OF FISH WHICH ONE DOES NOT WANT. WHEREUPON HE EXITS SAID HOTEL...

...TO WALK TO THE *FOURTEENTH STREET ENTRANCE* OF THE UPTOWN "D" TRAIN LIKE A MAN *REPOSSESSED.*

I *MYSELF* GAIN ADMITTMENT TO THE VERY SAME *SUBWAY CAR* AS MURDOCK -- THERE TO OBSERVE HIM TO BE IN A STATE OF EXTREME *AGGREGATION.*

WE PROCEED WITHOUT *INCITEMENT* TO THE *PENNSYLVANIA STATION* STOP...

WHEREAT *THREE YOUTHS* BOARD, BRANDISHING NINE MILLIMETER *HANDGUNS* OF THE *STREET* VARIETY, LOUDLY *DECLAIMING* THEIR INTENTION OF DEPRAVING THE *PASSENGERS* OF THEIR PERSONAL *EFFECTS.*

HEREAT ONE *ELDERLY* MAN ATTEMPTS A FRANTIC *DISEMBARKATION.*

ONE OF THE YOUTHS ADMINISTRATES TO HIM A *REPRIMAND* THAT IS OF A *PHYSICAL* NATURE.

AND MURDOCK DOES *NOTHING?*

NOTHING, BOSS. AT THIS *MOMENT* I NOW *DESCRIBE,* THAT IS.

AT THIS JUNCTION THE *YOUTHS* DO THEN *ACCOST* EACH PASSENGER IN *TURN,* ADMONISHING THEM INTO EMPTYING THEIR *PURSES* AND *WALLETS* INTO A D'AGOSTINO'S GROCERY STORE *SHOPPING BAG.*

...EVEN AS THEY FORCIBLY REQUIRE A *NECKLACE* FROM THE WOMAN *NEXT* TO HIM...

...MURDOCK SEEMS *UNAPPRECIATIVE* AS TO THE COMMUNAL *PREDICAMENT.*

IT IS NOT UNTIL HE *HIMSELF* FACES THE *BUSINESS END* OF ONE OF THE AFOREDESCRIBED *FIREARMS*...

...THAT MURDOCK MANIFESTS *COMBAT ACUMEN* OF *STARTLING* PROPORTION.

LEAVE US SAY HIS RESPONSE IS *EXTREME*...

EVERY DETAIL.

HIS *FIRST* MOVE I AM UNFORTUITOSLY *UNABLE* TO RETICULATE, AS I MYSELF AM MOMENTARILY *DISTRACTED.*

SUFFICE TO SAY THE YOUTH SUFFERS DAMAGE OF A *STRUCTURAL* NATURE TO HIS *WRIST*--

--THEN TO HIS *RIBS*...

...AND TO HIS *JAW*, WHICH MAKES WITH A *NOISE* NOT UNLIKE THAT OF A *COKE BOTTLE* BURSTING.

AS FOR THE *SECOND* YOUTH, HIS ATTEMPT TO *WITHSTALL* MURDOCK'S ASSAULT...

...IS INTERRUPTED BY THE SUDDEN *RE-ARRANGEMENT* OF HIS *SPINE.*

IT IS THE *LAST* OF THEM WHO SUCCEEDS IN FIRING HIS *PISTOL*...

...BUT MURDOCK IS, AS I SAID.

...A MAN *REPOSSESSED.*

HENCEWITH, THE TRAIN COMES TO A *STOP* AT *FORTY-SECOND STREET.* THE DOORS *OPEN.*

MURDOCK *WHIRLS* AT A SHOUTED *COMMAND*...

LOVELY. LOVELY...

...THE *COMMAND* IS OF THE *CONSTABULATIVE* VARIETY...

FEROCIOUS, STUPID...

...EVERY MAN HIS *ENEMY*...

...I COULD NOT *DREAM* OF A MORE PERFECT *HELL*...

I *ENVY* YOU, YOU BLESSED LITTLE WORM. YOU HAVE WITNESSED THE *DEATH* OF A *NOBLE* MAN.

THE PLEASURES OF HIS COMING *ATTACK* WILL BE *NOTHING* COMPARED TO THIS...

YOU THINK HE'S COMING *HERE*?

I KNOW IT.

FOGGY? IT'S *MATT*-- NO, PLEASE DON'T HANG UP...I...I NEED YOUR *HELP*...

I THINK I'M *SICK*, FOGGY. SOMETHING... THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY *MIND* ...I JUST...

...I JUST BEAT UP A *COP*...

...YOU SEE, IT'S THE *KINGPIN*. I KEEP THINKING EVERYBODY'S *WORKING* FOR HIM AND..

...OH, YEAH. I KNOW *THAT*. PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY *IS* WORKING FOR HIM, BUT THIS WAS JUST A *COP* AND THERE WAS NO *REASON* TO...

...WHAT?...OH ...YOU *SURE*?...

...OKAY, WELL MAYBE THE *COP*. BUT THERE'S SOMETHING *WRONG* WITH ME, FOGGY. I

...BUT IF I *GO* THERE I'LL TRY TO *KILL* THE KINGPIN. I...

...BUT...BUT I...OKAY, BUDDY. I'LL GIVE IT MY BEST SHOT.

...AT THE TONE THE TIME WILL BE TEN THIRTY-TWO..

--SO *NOT* IT'S *ALWAYS* SO *NOT* HERE--NO *WONDER* THEY TAKE *SIESTAS*--

--MAKES IT SO HARD TO KEEP *RUNNING* AND NOW SHE CAN BARELY CATCH HER *BREATH*-- CAN BARELY *TALK* TO TELL THE AMERICAN OPERATOR THE *NUMBER* SHE WANTS--

--THE NUMBER SHE *NEEDS*--

--SHE *REMEMBERS* THE NUMBER. SHE'D NEVER *FORGET* IT--AND NOW THE LINE GOES *DEAD* AS THE OPERATOR *CALLS* IT--

--AND SHE REMEMBERS THE *MAN*--*MATT*--THE MAN SHE *LOVED* ONCE-- THE MAN SHE *BETRAYED*--

--THE MAN WHO CAN SAVE HER *LIFE*--

--BUT NOW THE OPERATOR IS SAYING THE NUMBER HAS BEEN DISCONNECTED-- BUT SHE KNOWS SHE GOT IT RIGHT AND MATT WOULD NEVER MOVE HE LOVES THAT HOUSE--

--AND SHE MAKES THE OPERATOR CHECK FOR HER AND THERE'S NO LISTING.

THEN SHE SEES THEM AND KAREN PAGE KNO-- SHE HAS TO RUN AGA-

YES, HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE! THAT'S WHY I KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING ROTTEN GOING ON HERE, JONAH!

DAILY BUGLE

LOOKED PRETTY CUT AND DRIED TO ME, URICH.

YOUR PAL MURDOCK GOT CAUGHT WITH HIS PANTS DOWN.

MATT'S STRAIGHT, JONAH, YOU DON'T KNOW NOW STRAIGHT. THIS IS A FRAME-- BY THE KINGPIN.

J. JONAH JAMESON PUBLISHER

THE KINGPIN? WHAT THE DEVIL'S A BLIND LAWYER GOT TO DO WITH THE KINGPIN?

...I CAN'T TELL YOU THAT, JONAH. BUT I *WANT* THIS STORY. AND I'LL *WRITE* IT--FOR ONE PAPER OR *ANOTHER*.

ISN'T *LIKE* YOU TO TAKE A *STAND*, BEN...

COME RIGHT *IN*, MR. MURDOCK.

MR. FISK IS *EXPECTING* YOU.

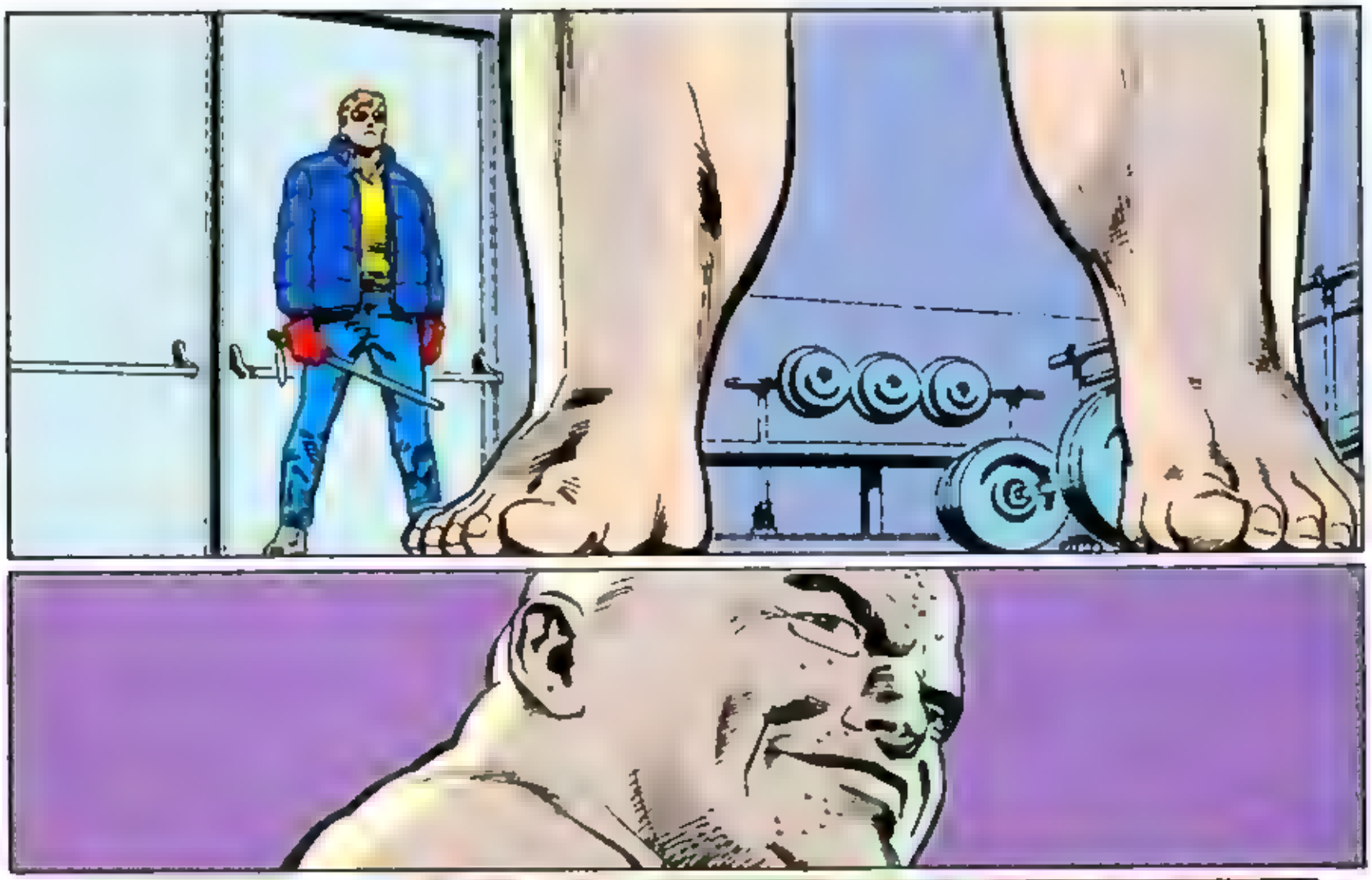
SURE AND THIS IS *WORSE* THAN WHEN HE *DOES* CALL.

PERHAPS YE COULD TRY THAT *HOTLINE* AGAIN, FOGGY?

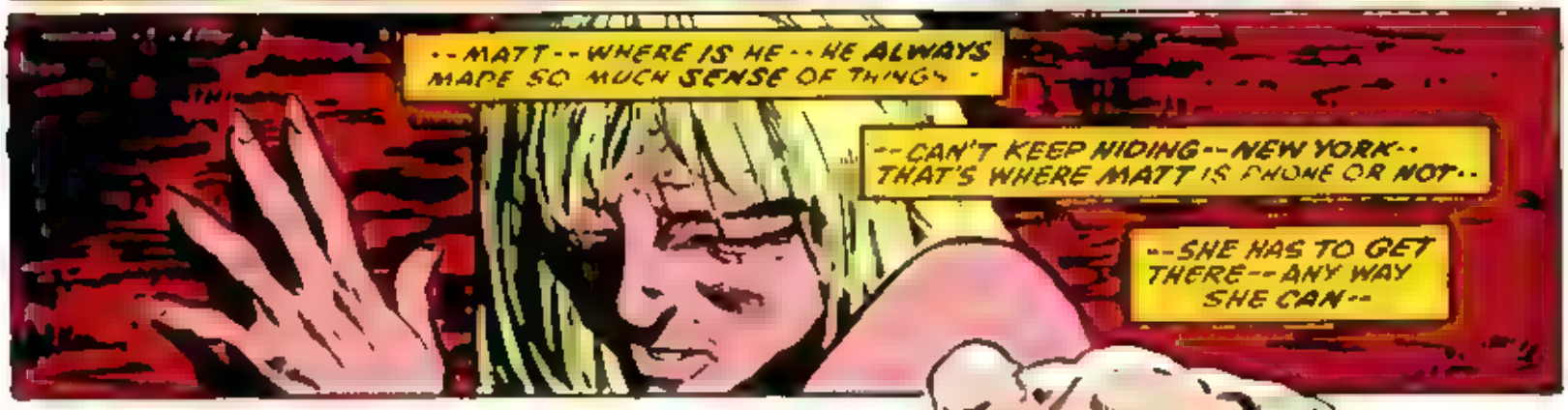
NO *POINT*, GLORI. THAT LITTLE CREEP WILL JUST TRY TO ANALYZE *ME* AGAIN.

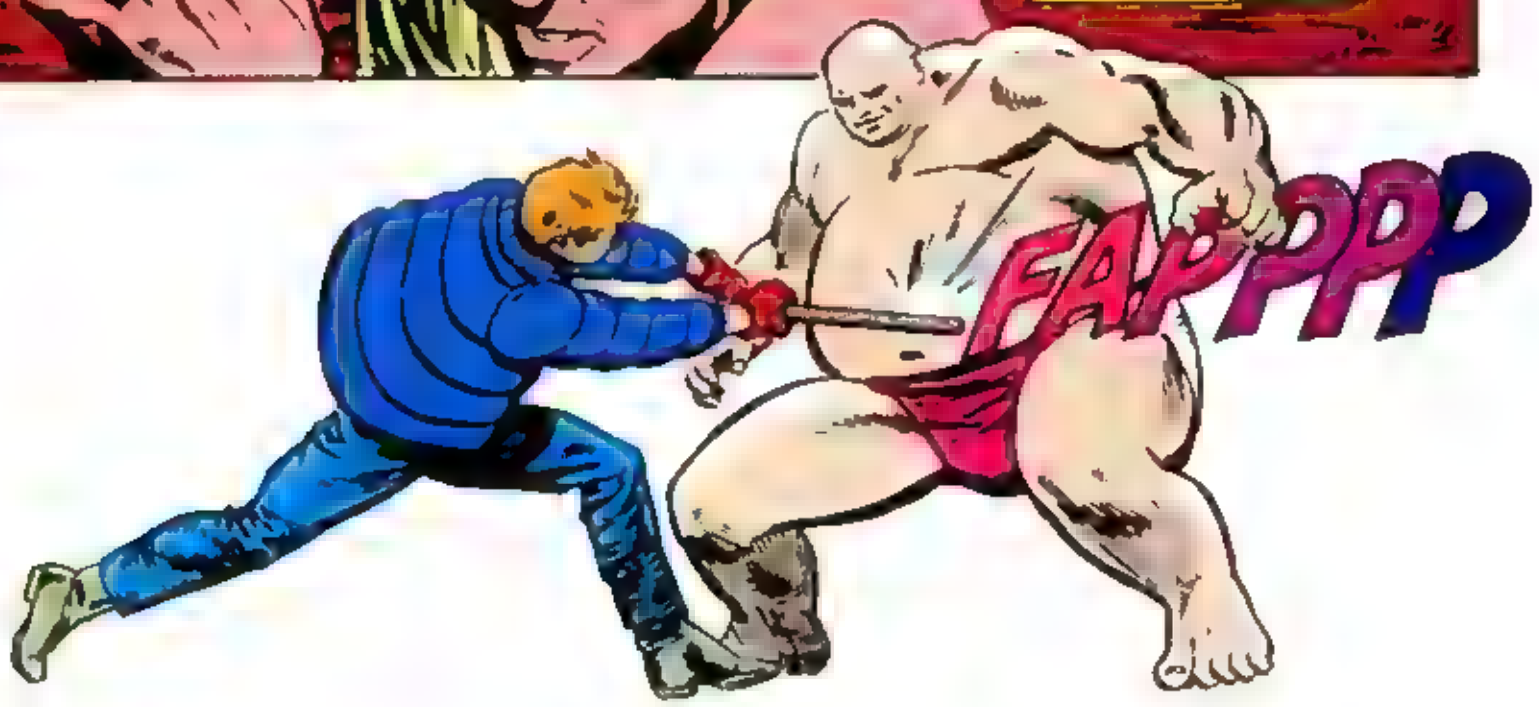
WHEN A *BOMB* WENT OFF, BACK IN *IRELAND*...IT WAS LIKE THIS... WAITIN...NOT *KNOWIN*...

CAN'T *BRING* MYSELF TO CALL THE *COPS*...



SO CLOSE THEY CAME SO CLOSE THIS TIME
--SHAKES ARE COMING AGAIN--SHE'D THROW UP IF THERE WERE ANYTHING IN HER STOMACH--
--HOW DID SHE GET STARTED ON THE JUNK-- HOW DID SHE GET HERE-- NOW--


--MATT--WHERE IS HE--HE ALWAYS MADE SO MUCH SENSE OF THINGS--
--CAN'T KEEP HIDING--NEW YORK-- THAT'S WHERE MATT IS PHONE OR NOT--
--SHE HAS TO GET THERE--ANY WAY SHE CAN--


FAPPPP

THWAKK

--ANY WAY SHE CAN--

KRAKKK

THAPP

WHOKK

SKKRAKKK

NEVER GIVE UP--

NEVER--

IT WOULD BE A JOY TO END IT THERE. SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAN BRINGS TO THE KINGPIN A BLOODLUST HE HAS NOT FELT SINCE HIS YOUTH. IT TAKES AN EFFORT OF WILL TO RESTRAIN HIMSELF FROM TEARING MURDOCK LIMB FROM LIMB.

BUT THE KINGPIN IS A CAREFUL MAN THERE ARE DETAILS TO CONSIDER

MURDOCK'S DEATH MUST BE NEITHER MYSTERIOUS NOR SUSPICIOUS. THERE MUST BE NO ROOM FOR QUESTIONS. NO CAUSE FOR INVESTIGATION.

UNCONSCIOUS BUT LIVING. MURDOCK IS PLACED IN A STOLEN CHECKER CAB...

...THE CAB IS DRIVEN OFF PIER 41 INTO THE EAST RIVER ITS SAFETY BELT AND DOORS ARE CORRODED SHUT BY A CHEMICAL PROCESS THAT IS IDENTICAL TO RUST MURDOCK IS DRENCHED IN WHISKEY. A BOTTLE, OPEN, IS LAID IN HIS LAP.

THE OWNER OF THE CAB IS BEATEN TO DEATH BY MURDOCK'S STOLEN BILLY CLUB.

DAYS PASS INTO WEEKS STILL MURDOCK IS NEVER FAR FROM THE CRIMELORD'S THOUGHTS. HE IMAGINES ONE LAST TERRIBLE MOMENT OF REALIZATION...OF MURDOCK THRASHING WILDLY, DESPERATELY, HATEFULLY... SCREAMING SOUNDLESSLY INTO THE POISONED WATER...

...THE KINGPIN SHUDDERS AT THE THOUGHT, IN PLEASURE...

THE WORLD SEEMS FLOODED WITH SUNLIGHT. DAILY BUSINESS BECOMES A JOYOUS, CHILDLIKE GAME.

HE HAS DISGRACED, DESTROYED AND MURDERED THE ONLY GOOD MAN HE HAS EVER KNOWN.

THIS IS HIS TRIUMPH OF THE SPIRIT

AT LAST THE CAB IS DISCOVERED

THERE IS BLOOD, AND BLOODY EVIDENCE OF A STRUGGLE.

THERE IS A SHATTERED WINDSHIELD...A SAFETY BELT, SEVERED BY THE WINDSHIELDS GLASS AND WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN A HIDEOUS EFFORT OF WILL

THERE IS NO CORPSE

THERE IS NO CORPSE.

THERE IS NO CORPSE.

NEXT: PARIAH!

DM

I NEVER BELIEVED...THAT BUSINESS OF YOUR LIFE FLASHING IN FRONT OF YOU BEFORE YOU DIE...

...NEVER THOUGHT... THERE COULD BE ENOUGH TIME... THERE'S TOO MUCH TO LIFE...

..BUT THERE'S REALLY ...HORRIBLY LITTLE... THAT COUNTS...

.. A SUNNY DAY... BRIGHT AND PRETTY...

THE LAST DAY.. I WILL EVER SEE..

DANGER
HAZARDOUS MATERIALS

--BRAVEST THING I EVER SAW! BUT HIS FACE-- HIS EYES...

THAT THING THAT FELL FROM THE TRUCK--IS IT--

LOOK AT HIS FACE--

--THAT THING-- IS IT--

--IS IT RADIOACTIVE?

YES...

...YES. IT COURSES THROUGH MY **BLOOD.** IT **CHANGES** ME.

MY BLOOD... IT **BURNS**...

...IT SPURTS FROM A **HEART** THAT'S POUNDING SO **LOUDLY** IT'S TRYING TO BURST FROM MY **CHEST**--

--MY **BLOOD**--IT **GUSHES** THROUGH HIGH POWER HOSES AND **SLAMS** AGAINST THE BASE OF MY **SKULL.**

EVERYTHING **HURTS.**

I DON'T KNOW WHERE I **AM.**

SANDPAPER SCRAPES MY **SKIN** EVERY TIME I **MOVE**--**NO**--NOT **SANDPAPER**--**SHEETS**--STARCHED **SHEETS**--

--I'M IN A **BED**--SOMEWHERE--

--AND THE **SMELLS**...

...CHEMICAL SMELLS. DISINFECTANTS.

HOSPITAL. I'M IN A HOSPITAL.

THE **DOOR** SWINGS OPEN ON SCREAMING **HINGES.** **PEOPLE** COME AND GO. SMELLING LIKE **BATHTUBS** FULL OF **SWEAT**--SMELLING LIKE **EATEN FOOD**--LIKE ITALIAN **SAUCES** AND HALF-DIGESTED **EGGS**--

--THEY STAB ME WITH LONG SHARP **NEEDLES.** THEY FILL ME WITH **DRUGS.** BUT THE DRUGS DON'T **FOOL** ME I KNOW THEY CUT MY **FACE.**

I CAN **FEEL** IT YOU **IDIOTS**--CAN'T YOU SEE THERE'S **NOTHING** YOU CAN DO TO STOP ME FROM **FEELING** IT?

EVERYTHING **HURTS.**

YOU CAN ONLY STAND SO MUCH.

I WRITHE AND SCREAM--

--BUT EVEN MY OWN SCREAM IS TOO LOUD SO I HAVE TO STOP--

--AND ALL I WANT IS TO DIE...

...BUT I DON'T DIE. SO I HAVE TO MAKE DO.

AFTER A TIME I SOMEHOW SHUT OUT JUST ENOUGH... AFTER A TIME IT'S ONLY AGONY.

THEN, PAST THE FUMES OF WHATEVER IT IS THEY USE TO CLEAN THE FLOOR, THERE COMES A WAVE OF WHISKEY --A MEGAPHONE VOICE...

SON?

CAN YOU HEAR ME, SON?

HEAR YOU--WHAT DO YOU EXPECT--YOU'RE SHOUTING--

THE DOCTORS . THEY SAY YOU'LL BE FINE, SON.

--LIKE ALL THE REST--BREATHES LIKE HE'S A HUNDRED FEET TALL...

YOU'RE A HERO, BOY.

...SO BIG...IT'S LIKE I'M IN HIM...IT'S...

YOU JUST REST NOW.

...IS THAT MY FATHER?

DAD'S ANXIETY PAINTS THE WORLD RED. HE FINALLY LEAVES AND IT'S ANOTHER NIGHT OF TERROR AND THE ENDLESS COUGHING OF SOMEONE DOWN THE HALL.

THEN...SOFT STEPS ...A SOFT WOMAN'S SCENT...

...A SOFT VOICE...

WHY DOES IT HURT?

SO LOUD... SO SMELLY... EVERYTHING...

I SEE...

SHE BREATHES. DOWN THE HALL THE COUGHING SUBSIDES.

WHEN SHE SPEAKS AGAIN IT'S A GENTLE WHISPER.

THIS...MAY NOT BE A *BAD* THING. WHAT YOU COULD *DO* WITH IT...

DO... WITH IT?

JUST THINK OF IT. IT'S A *BLESSING*, MATT.

IT'S *YOURS*. YOURS.

AND IT'S *OUR* SECRET. DON'T TELL *ANYONE*.

PROMISE ME NOW...

WHO *ARE* YOU?

LIPS, WARM...KISSING MY FOREHEAD... LOVING...

...AND SOMETHING HARD, DANGLING FROM HER NECK...

IT'S A CROSS... MADE OF GOLD...

PROMISE ME...

A KIND WOMAN'S GIFT OF HOPE TO ME. I NEVER UNDERSTAND IT--AND SHE NEVER COMES BACK.

BUT IT GETS EASIER...

IT'S OKAY, DAD. I'M AWAKE.

SON... HOW'D YOU KNOW I WAS HERE?

COULD HEAR YOU A MILE OFF. SIT DOWN, DAD.

WE HAVE TO TALK, MATT. MAN TO MAN.

I'M ALL EARS, DAD.

IT'S ABOUT THE ACCIDENT, SON. YOU WERE HIT BY SOMETHING SOME CORPORATION WAS DRIVING THROUGH TOWN. RIGHT THROUGH TOWN.

THEY WON'T SAY IF IT WAS RADIOACTIVE. THEY WON'T EVEN TALK TO ME.

IT MESSED YOU UP PRETTY BADLY, MATT. YOUR FACE... WELL, I'M AMAZED WHAT THEY WERE ABLE TO DO WITH IT. YOU'RE GOING TO LOOK GOOD AS NEW, BUT...

...IT'S YOUR EYES, SON. THEY...

I KNOW I'M BLIND, DAD. THERE AREN'T ANY BANDAGES ON MY EYES--AND I'VE NEVER HEARD OF A HOSPITAL WITHOUT LIGHTS.

YOU...YOU'RE TAKING IT WELL, SON...

YES...

...I PROMISED...

...I KEEP MY HEIGHTENED SENSES SECRET...EVEN FROM DAD...

...I FIND A TEACHER WHO HELPS ME MASTER THEM...

...AND DAD IS MURDERED AND I BECOME DAREDEVIL AND FIGHT CRIME...

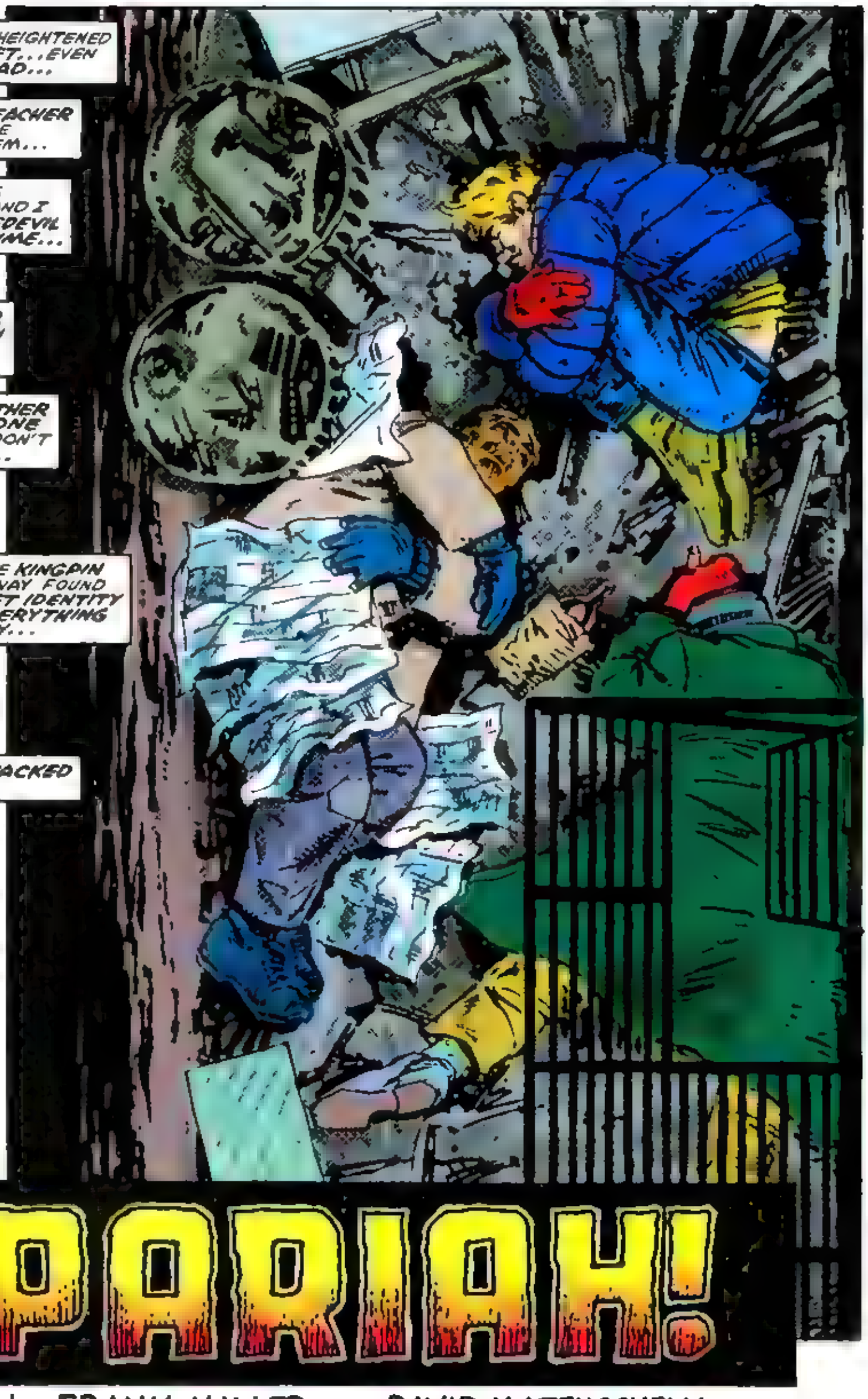
...AND OTHER THINGS HAPPEN A HOME, A CAREER...

...BUT THE OTHER THINGS ARE GONE NOW SO THEY DON'T MATTER...

...GONE...THE KINGPIN TOOK THEM AWAY FOUND OUT MY SECRET IDENTITY AND TOOK EVERYTHING AWAY...

...AND I ATTACKED HIM...

...AND HE KILLED ME.



Stan Lee presents

PARIAH!

by FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI

CHRISTIE SCHEELE
COLORS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

UPTOWN, WHERE PEOPLE WITH MONEY SPEND IT...

♪ REMEMBER CHRIST OUR SAVIOR WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY

I WAS *SURE* I'D GET ALL THE SHOPPING DONE *EARLY* THIS YEAR..

YOU'VE BEEN *BUSY*, FOGGY, WHAT WITH ALL THOSE *JOB OFFERS* TO SORT THROUGH.

♪ TO SAVE US ALL FROM SATAN'S POWER

NO KIDDING LIKE SOMEBODY DROPPED THEM DOWN MY *CHIMNEY.*

THAT'S A *JOKE*, GLORI. HERE IN *AMERICA* WE TELL THE *KIDS* THAT CHRISTMAS GIFTS COME FROM *SANTA CLAUS.* HE'S THIS BIG FAT *GUY* WHO RIDES A *SLEIGH*--

EVEN IN *IRELAND* WE HEARD OF *SANTA CLAUS*, FOGGY.

SPOSE YOU *HAVE.*

LET'S SEE. TOOK CARE OF *MOM* AND *DAD* AND *CINDY* AND *BECKY*...

NO--

NO-- YE *WON'T*--

GLORI!

GLORI--

WOOF!

GET OFF ME, YOU CRAZY--

AND PORKCHOP...

...MY OLD BOWLING PARTNER...

"PORKCHOP" PETERSON

SNIKK

CRAZY-- I'LL KILL YOU...

...GOT PORKCHOP A GIFT TOO...

WHOKK

STOP HIM-- HE--

OH, WHAT'S THE *USE*...

HORRIBLE CITY-- *HORRIBLE*--

--AND WILL YE LOOK AT ALL THESE *PEOPLE*. THEY DON'T CARE A *BIT*!

DO YE DO YE CARE A *BIT*?

COME ON GLORI.

LET'S GO FIND A PLACE TO DRY OFF...

TIDINGS OF COMFORT AND JOY

NO. I M NOT DEAD.

NOT YET

NOT AS LONG ...AS I KEEP *MOVING*...

My EDITOR wants something SWEET for the CHRISTMAS EVE edition--something about LITTLE GIRLS and PUPPIES.

And here I am at BELLEVUE.

FORGET what you've heard about BELLEVUE. It's NOT a MENTAL institution. It's a HOSPITAL. Sure they treat lots of emotionally DISTURBED patients...

...but they also handle more than their share of what we like to think of as SANE cases. Like corrupt COPS--and CHILDREN with HEART conditions.

My name is BEN URICH. I'm a REPORTER. This is my CHRISTMAS story.

HOW'S THE *KID*?

YOU AGAIN ...TOLD YOU TO LEAVE ME *ALONE*...

TWENTY YEARS ON THE FORCE. SPOTLESS RECORD. DIDN'T EVEN TAKE VACATIONS.

HOW'S THE KID?

JUST GET OUT OF HERE, URICH. GOT NOTHING TO SAY TO YOU.

NOBODY'S HEARD FROM MATT MURDOCK IN DAYS. HE MIGHT BE DEAD.

QUITE A FRAME HE WAS PUT IN. QUITE A FRAME

NO SMOKING IN HERE.

YOU LIED ABOUT MURDOCK. YOU TESTIFIED AGAINST HIM AND GOT HIM DISBARRED AND HUNTED BY THE LAW.

ALL THIS YOU DID FOR THE KINGPIN--THE TOP CRIMINAL IN THIS TOWN.

YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST COP TO GO BAD, MANOLIS, AND IT'S NOT LIKE YOU DIDN'T HAVE A REASON.

THE BEST TREATMENT FOR CERTAIN CARDIAC PROBLEMS COSTS BAGS OF MONEY-- MORE THAN A COP'S MEDICAL PLAN PROVIDES.

BY THE WAY-- HOW'S THE KID?

COMPLICATIONS. GOING UNDER THE KNIFE IN AN HOUR COULD DIE TONIGHT

KEEP MOVING..

DOESN'T... MATTER WHERE...

CHRISTMAS EVE--HOW CAN IT BE CHRISTMAS EVE WHEN IT'S SO HOT--

--CHRISTMAS IS SNOW AND FIRE-PLACES AND LOVED ONES AND PRESENTS--

--IT ISN'T THE MEXICAN SUN AND QUAKING FROM HEAD TO TOE FROM HEROIN WITH-DRAWAL--

--IT ISN'T ROBBING A BLIND MAN--THE SECOND I'VE ROBBED, THINKS KAREN PAGE--

--MATT--I ROBBED MATT TOO--SOLD HIS SECRET IDENTITY FOR A FIX--

--AND NOW I NEED ANOTHER FIX AND I NEED TO GET TO NEW YORK AND I NEED MATT TO SAVE ME FROM MEN WHO ARE TRYING TO KILL ME--I NEED MONEY--

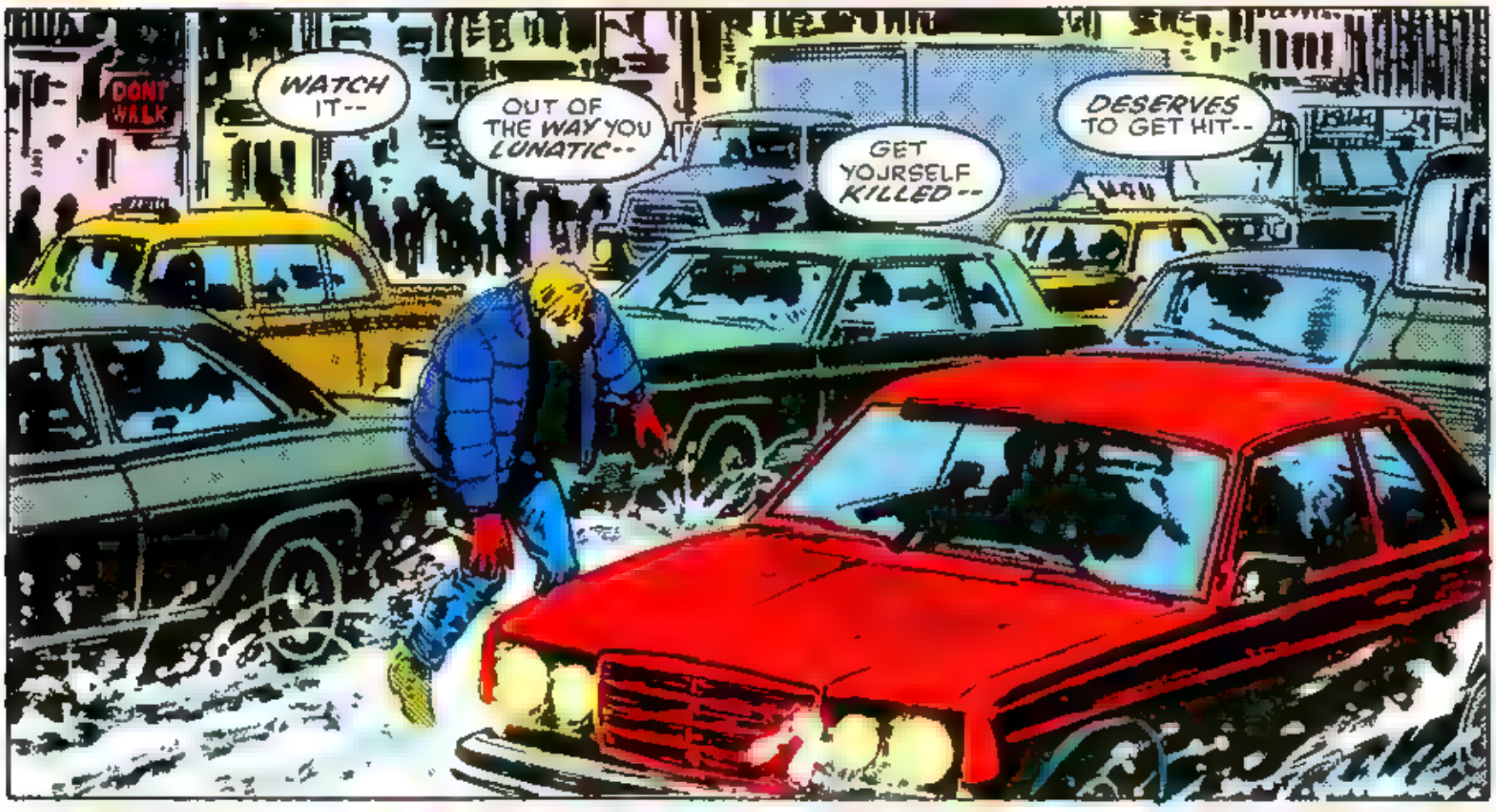
--THE SECOND BLIND MAN I'VE ROBBED--BUT THIS ONE CATCHES ME--

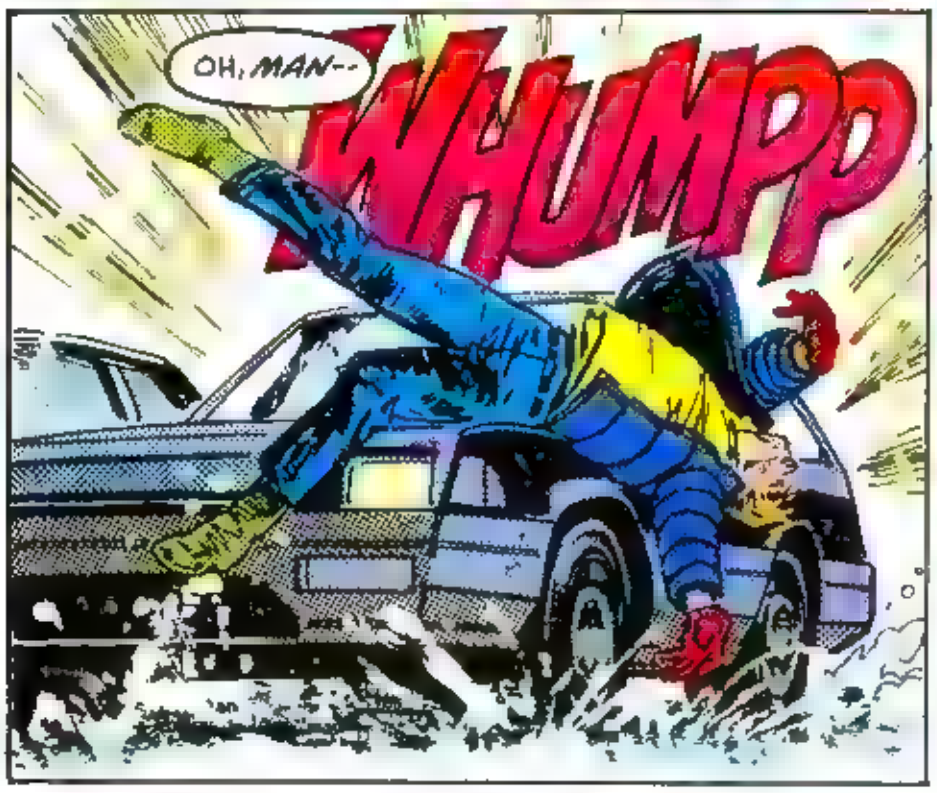
--SCREAMS AND WON'T STOP SCREAMING--

--KEEP MOVING--

--DON'T THINK--

--THE KILLERS CAN'T BE FAR BEHIND--


DONT WALK
WATCH IT--
OUT OF THE WAY YOU LUNATIC--
GET YOURSELF KILLED--
DESERVES TO GET HIT--


OH, MAN--
WHUMPP

HE LOOKS BAD--
JUST KEEP DRIVING, MAN--WHO NEEDS THE GRIEF--

KEEP MOVING...

I MISS YOU TOO, MOM. IT'S...WELL, IT'S MATT--YOU KNOW, MY PARTNER--OR AT LEAST HE USED TO BE MY PARTNER--HE'S IN A LOT OF TROUBLE. IT'S KIND OF HARD TO EXPLAIN...

...BUT AS LONG AS THERE'S A CHANCE I MIGHT HEAR FROM HIM... I'M GLAD YOU UNDERSTAND, MOM...

...OH, THINGS ARE GOING REAL WELL. I'VE GOTTEN SEVERAL JOB OFFERS...YES, I KNOW YOU SAID I WOULD. ONE IN PARTICULAR LOOKS QUITE GOOD. ALMOST TOO GOOD...NO, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I MEANT BY THAT...

...AND, WELL, IT'S NOT JUST THAT, MOM. YOU SEE, I'VE MET A GIRL... SHE'S REAL NICE...

JEEZ, TURK. I MEAN WE COULD'VE BOUGHT THE SUITS.

WITH WHAT? WE BEEN TAPPED SINCE THE KINGPIN FROZE US OUT OF WORK.

Volunteers of AMERICA

HURRY UP AND GET DRESSED, GROTTO.

I DON'T KNOW. I MEAN, SANTA CLAUS...

SHUT UP. NOW WE SHLEP TO THE UPPER EAST SIDE. THE RICH ONES GIVE US MONEY--AND THEY FEEL BETTER ABOUT BEING RICH--AND WE FEEL BETTER ALL AROUND.

IT'S THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

TAKE...

...TAKE IT OFF.

TAKE YOUR *FACE* OFF, MAN--

JUST A *BUM*, TURK. ALREADY BEEN BEAT UP *PLENTY*, FROM THE LOOKS.

HERE-- BUY YOURSELF A *BOTTLE*...

TAKE IT OFF.

SHKK

AW, *TURK*-- YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO...

BLED ALL OVER THE *SUIT*--

LET'S GET *OUT* OF HERE...

Nick's SON dies at 12:03 Christmas morning.

If you want me to DESCRIBE the way that makes me FEEL, you're a GHOUL.

He TALKS. None of it makes much SENSE. But it WILL. I've got my STORY.

I've also got a world class NICOTINE FIT. So I lead him OUT-- to the PARKING LOT--

--where I don't EXPECT to have to face any grouchy NURSES.

IT'S NOT JUST THE KNIFE WOUND--IT'S THAT RIB OF MINE THAT POPPED LIKE A WISHBONE WHEN THE KING-PIN SLUGGED ME--IT HAD THE DECENCY TO STAY WHERE IT BELONGS--

--UNTIL THAT CAR HIT ME...

...NOW IT'S ALL LOOSE AND JAGGED AND EVERY TIME I MOVE IT CUTS AND GOUGES...

...I KEEP WALKING...

...JUST BECAUSE IT'S HARD TO...

KAREN PAGE...

...I'M A REAL FAN OF YOURS ...OF YOUR MOVIES, THAT IS.

I NEED--

I CAN SEE WHAT YOU NEED.

NOT JUST-- THE *JUNK.* I NEED A *RIDE*-- TO *AMERICA.*

I CAN *PAY.*

THE *SMAK*--FOR *THAT,* I'LL TAKE YOUR *MONEY.* BUT THE *RIDE,* WELL...

...LET'S JUST SAY I'M GOING NORTH *ANYWAY.* GOT *DELIVERIES.* ALL I NEED ON THE *RIDE* ...IS *COMPANY...*

LIKE I *SAID*--I'M A REAL *FAN.*

WHATEVER IT TAKES.

EXCUSE, PLEASE--

--THE *SENORITA* COMES WITH *US.*

KBLAMM

KBLAMMM

FUPP

YOU BETTER BE *WORTH* THIS...

BLEEDING... INSIDE AND OUT...

THAT RIB... WON'T STOP...

I CAN FEEL IT... CAN FEEL IT ALL...

HELL'S KITCHEN... SMELLS LIKE HELL'S KITCHEN... WHY DID I COME HERE?

WORST NEIGHBORHOOD IN MANHATTAN.

GOOD PLACE TO GET KILLED.

I WAS BORN HERE...

...RIGHT DOWN THIS STREET, MY FATHER'S HOME...

MY HOME. THE ONLY HOME... I HAVE LEFT...

OH, FOGGY-- YE SHOULDN'T--

--YE REALLY SHOULDN'T HAVE...

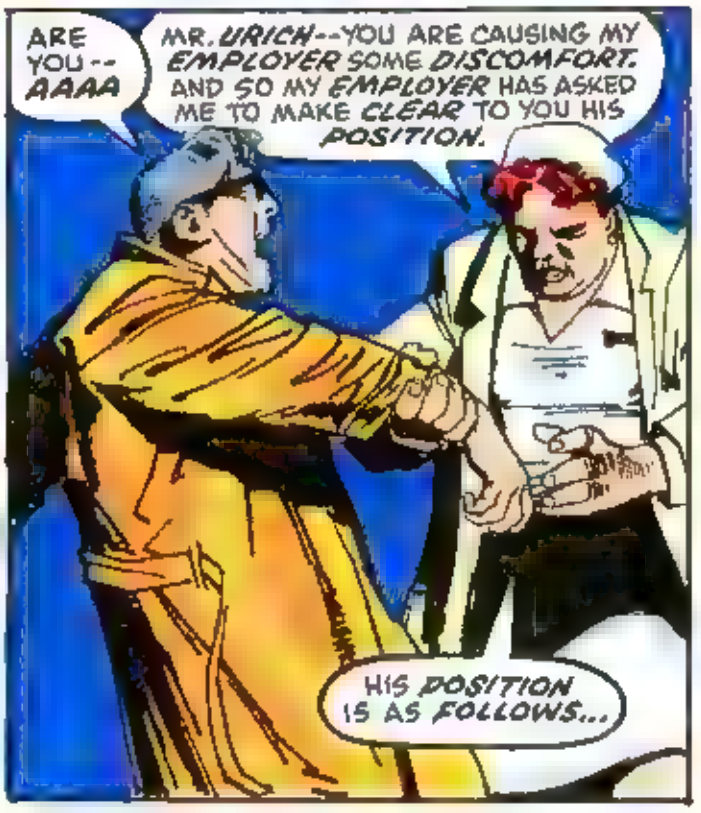
OH, FOGGY... IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL--

--SURE AND IT COST YOU A FORTUNE...

THE WIND IS COLD. BLOWS FAST ACROSS THE EMPTY LOT.
WHEN... DID THEY TEAR MY HOME DOWN?
FATHER. THEY TORE IT DOWN. THEY TORE IT DOWN.
FATHER. THE GYM.
THE GYM.
IT WILL STILL BE WHERE IT WAS.
IT HAS TO BE...

The CIGARETTE tastes AWFUL.
It's LIKE that sometimes.
GUESS IT WAS THE KINGPIN THAT MADE THE FRAME. DIDN'T KNOW THE GUY I SPOKE TO.
SOLD OUT. TWENTY YEARS WITHOUT FIXING A TICKET AND I SELL OUT AND IT DOESN'T EVEN SAVE MY BOY.
HEY-- IT'S GOT TO BE OKAY TO SMOKE OUT HERE...

DIDN'T EVEN SAVE MY B--
WHAT IN--
THWAKK


ARE YOU-- AAAA
MR. URICH--YOU ARE CAUSING MY EMPLOYER SOME DISCOMFORT. AND SO MY EMPLOYER HAS ASKED ME TO MAKE CLEAR TO YOU HIS POSITION.
HIS POSITION IS AS FOLLOWS...

...IF YOU WERE A *PUBLISHER* MY *EMPLOYER* WOULD DESTROY YOUR *PRESSES*. SINCE YOU ARE MERELY A *TYPIST* AND IT WOULD NOT BE *PERSUASIVE* TO DESTROY YOUR *TYPEWRITER*--

--MY *EMPLOYER* HAS ASKED ME TO MAKE IT *PLAIN* TO YOU THAT EVERY TIME YOU SPEAK THE NAME *MATTHEW MURDOCK*--

NNGGGG

LJM·1

--YOU SHALL *LOSE* THE USE OF YOUR *FINGERS*.

KRAKK

The WORST thing is that I DON'T pass out.

I get to SEE what she does to NICK MANOLIS

M·1

IT'S STILL HERE

IT STILL HOLDS THE *SMELLS*. *ALL* THE SMELLS. OF ALL THE *YEARS*.

THE *SWEAT*. MY SWEAT. FATHER. AND *YOURS*.

YOU *TRAINED* HERE. YOU *TRAINED* AND MADE ME *PROMISE* TO STAY *AWAY*. SO I *LIED* TO YOU AND *PROMISED* AND CAME HERE *ANYWAY*.

FOGARTY'S GYM

I BECAME A *FIGHTER*. JUST LIKE YOU.

ENDLESS STOLEN *HOURS*. ON THE *ROPES*.

AT THE *BAG*.

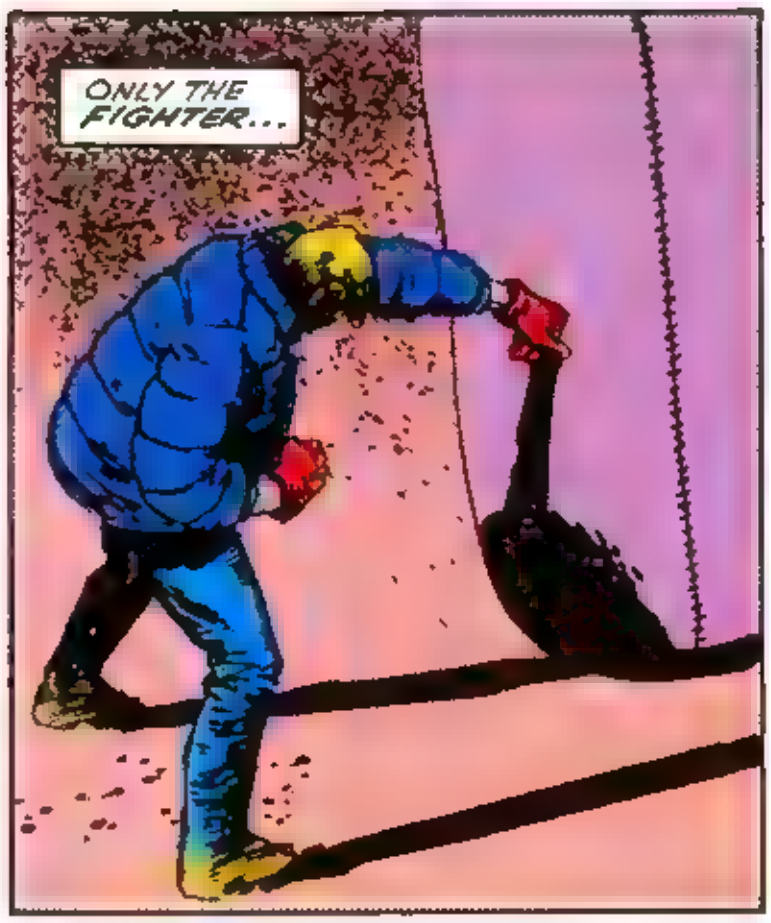
AT THE *BAG*.

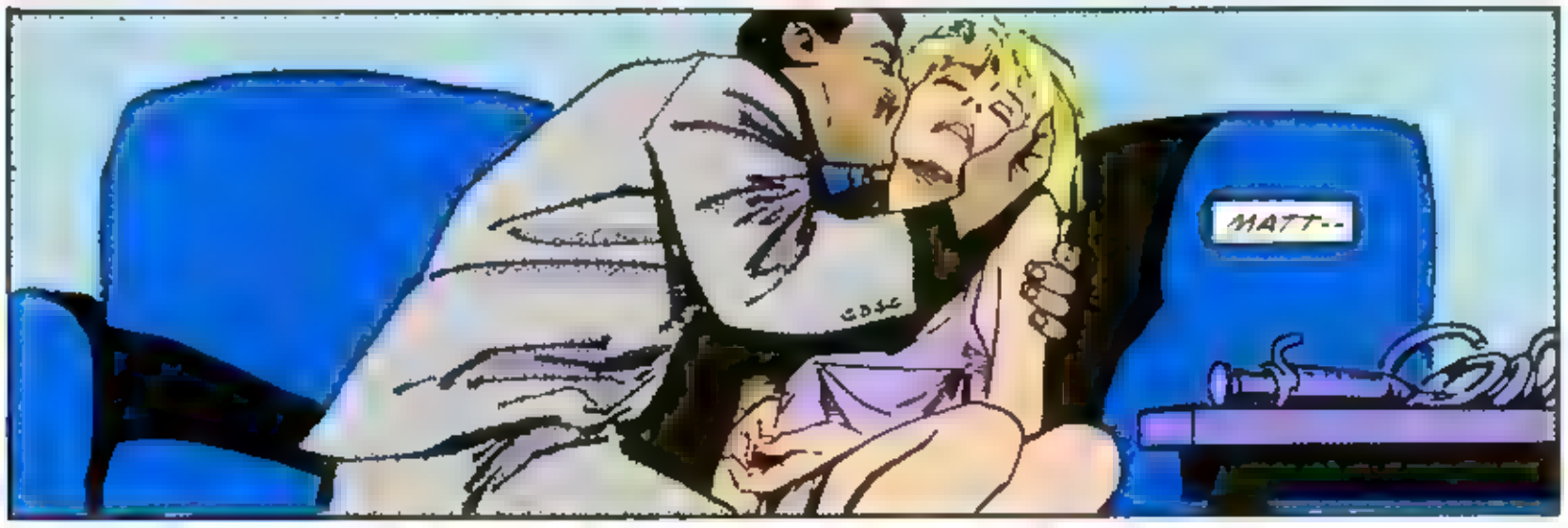
ON MY MOTHER'S *GRAVE* YOU MADE ME *PROMISE*.

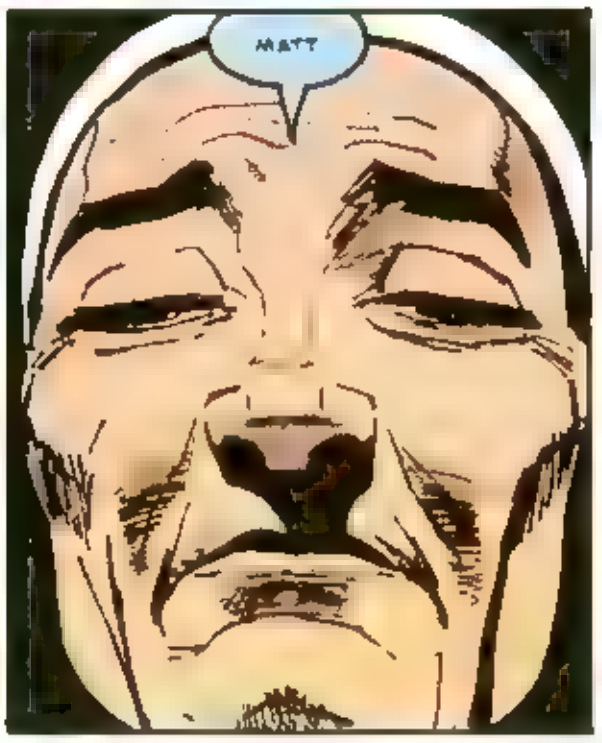
THE ONLY *JOY* I HAD. I COULD NEVER *SHARE* IT.

NOW EVERY OTHER PART OF ME IS *DEAD*.

ONLY THE *FIGHTER* LIVES.


ONLY THE FIGHTER...


MATT--


MATT

THERE IS NO CORPSE.

FOR SIX HOURS THIS THOUGHT HAS BEEN RINGING THROUGH HIS SKULL. THE MAN HE THOUGHT HE'S MURDERED...SO EXQUISITELY, SO PAINSTAKINGLY, RELISHING EVERY PRECIOUS STEP...

...FROM MURDOCK'S RUIN TO HIS EMOTIONAL DISMEMBERMENT--

--TO THAT MOMENT OF SAVAGE ECSTASY, WHEN THE KINGPIN'S FISTS TORE THROUGH HIM, CRACKING BONE...

...THE MAN HE THOUGHT HE'D MURDERED IS ALIVE.

SIX HOURS. SPENT SWEATING AND STRAINING, SEEKING THE LIMITS OF HIS OWN INHUMAN STRENGTH. SEEKING THAT PLACE PAST THE THOUGHT.

THERE IS NO CORPSE.

WHAT IS IT ABOUT MURDOCK? HE WAS A MINOR CONCERN-- A PROMISING TALENT TO BE OBSERVED AND CATALOGUED AND EVEN OCCASIONALLY FLATTERED--

--AND PERHAPS, ONE DAY, TO BE TURNED TO THE KINGPIN'S WAY--

--BUT HE IS MORE THAN THIS. NOW HE IS MUCH MORE THAN THIS.

HE ALWAYS WAS.

AND I--I HAVE SHOWN HIM.

..THAT A MAN WITHOUT HOPE

..IS A MAN WITHOUT FEAR

NEXT: BORN AGAIN

DAILY BUGLE

NO HEARTBEAT. HE IS GONE.

NO--

--NO-- HE CAN'T DIE--

I HAD AN AWFUL DREAM.

EVERYBODY HATED ME

EVERYBODY TOOK EVERYTHING AWAY FROM ME.

NO.

THE KINGPIN. HE'S THE ONLY ONE

THE KINGPIN OF CRIME. HE FOUND OUT MY SECRET IDENTITY. AND IT WASN'T A DREAM--

--THEN SANTA CLAUS STABBED ME WITH A KNIFE AND--

--NO. IT WAS TURK. SMALL TIME HOOD. HE WAS JUST DRESSED LIKE SANTA.

SMALL TIME HOOD. WORKS FOR--

--THE KINGPIN.

NOT A DREAM.

--HE--HE'S ALIVE--

STAN LEE presents

BORN AGAIN

by FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI

MAX SCHEELE	JOE ROSEN	RALPH MACCHIO	JIM SHOOTER
COLORS	LETTERS	EDITOR	EDITOR IN CHIEF

THE BREEZE IS **COOL**. SHE'S IN **AMERICA**. KAREN PAGE ALLOWS HERSELF TO **HOPE**.

NOT TOO **OFTEN** SHE WHISPERS THE **NAME**-- QUIETLY, FACING **AWAY** FROM HER COMPANION-- THE NAME THAT **MEANS** HOPE.

MATT.

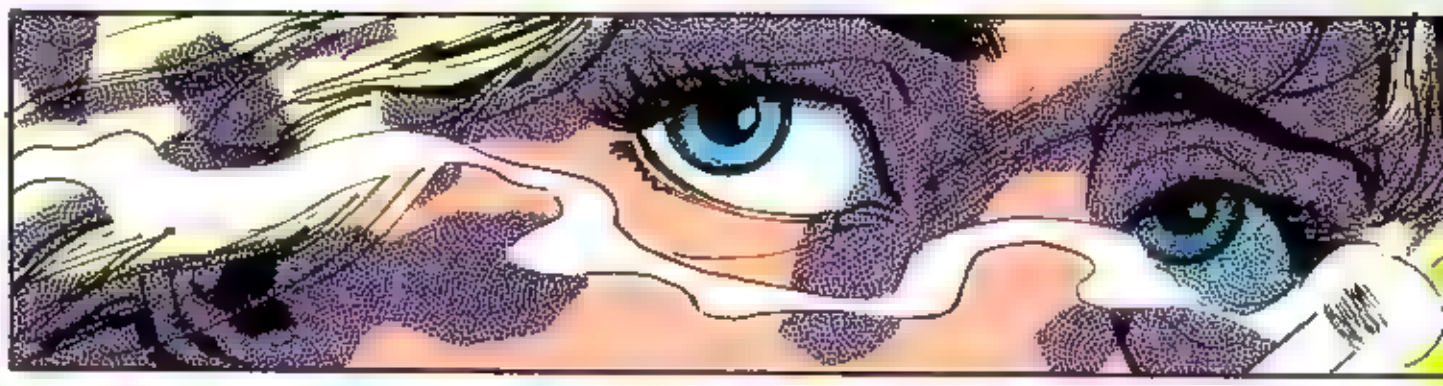
MATT-- SHE **BE-TRAYED** HIM-- SOLD HIS DEEPEST **SECRET** FOR A **FIX**--

--TOLD A **MAN** THAT MATT IS **DAREDEVIL**-- AND THE **MAN** TOLD **OTHER** MEN-- AND THE **OTHER** MEN ARE TRYING TO **KILL** KAREN PAGE--

--BUT SHE'LL **MAKE** IT TO **NEW YORK**. SHE'LL **FIND** MATT BEFORE THE **KILLERS** FIND **HER**.

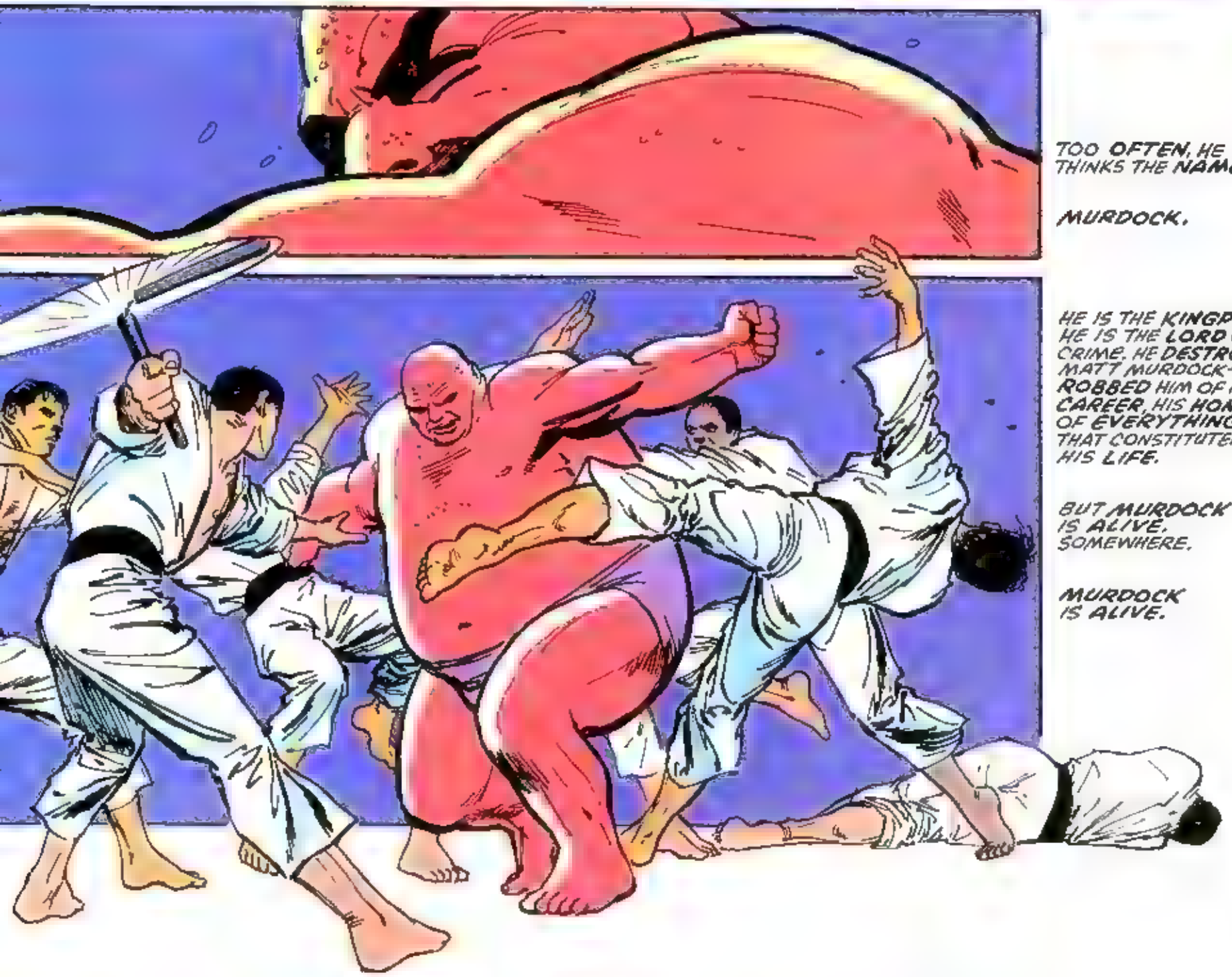
MATT WILL **SAVE** HER.

HE **HAS** TO.



TOO **OFTEN**, HE THINKS THE **NAME**.

MURDOCK.



HE IS THE **KINGPIN**. HE IS THE **LORD** OF CRIME. HE **DESTROYED** MATT MURDOCK-- **ROBBED** HIM OF HIS **CAREER**, HIS **HOME**, OF **EVERYTHING** THAT CONSTITUTED HIS **LIFE**.

BUT **MURDOCK** IS **ALIVE**, SOMEWHERE.

MURDOCK IS **ALIVE**.

Accepted and agreed on this the 2nd

Franklin Nelson

TOOK THE JOB.

KNEW YE WOULD

FUNNY--MY HAND SHOOK WHEN I SIGNED. GUESS IT WAS THE SALARY.

HONESTLY GLORI, I DIDN'T BELIEVE THEY'D PAY ME SO MUCH UNTIL I SAW IT WRITTEN DOWN.

SURE AND YOU DESERVE IT, FOGGY.

IT'S TWICE WHAT MATT AND ME EVER MADE TOGETHER. MATT... HOW LONG'S HE BEEN MISSING NOW?...

ELEVEN DAYS.

AND SIX HOURS.

I don't even THINK of his NAME.

He doesn't EXIST. They CONVINCED me of THAT

I went LOOKING for him. Talked to a crooked COP who helped FRAME him. They sicced a NURSE the size of your average TRUCK on us. She broke most of the BONES in the cop's BODY

ME she went LIGHT on. Settled for breaking my FINGERS.

My name is BEN URICH. I'm a REPORTER.

I don't even THINK of his NAME.

WHEN I WAS A WHOLE LOT **YOUNGER**, I WAS STRUCK ACROSS THE EYES AND **BLINDED** BY A PIECE OF RADIOACTIVE **GARBAGE**.

DON'T ASK ME TO EXPLAIN **WHY**. BUT I CAN **SMELL** AND **HEAR** AND **TASTE** BETTER THAN **ANY-BODY**.

THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO **LEARN** ABOUT **MATT MURDOCK**.

EVERYTHING **ELSE** IN MY LIFE IS **GONE**, EXCEPT THE **LESSON** I LEARNED FROM MY **FATHER**.

NEVER GIVE UP.

NEVER.

FOR **MOST** PEOPLE, **NEW YORK** IS THE **EMPIRE STATE BUILDING** AND THE **STATUE OF LIBERTY**. FOR **KAREN PAGE**, IT'S **PENN STATION**, WHERE SHE FIRST STEPPED OFF THE **TRAIN** FROM NEW ENGLAND. THAT MUST BE WHY SHE ASKED **PAULO** TO DROP HER OFF **HERE**.

SHE'D PAID HER **WAY**--EXACTLY THE WAY HE **WANTED** HER TO. SHE OWES HIM **NOTHING**.

SHE WANTS TO GET **RID** OF HIM. SURE, HE'S GOT THE **JUNK**--AS MUCH AS SHE **WANTS**. BUT THERE'S ONLY **ONE** MAN SHE WANTS TO BE WITH **NOW**--

--SHE'LL EVEN **QUIT** THE JUNK SHE **SWEARS** SHE WILL--

--SO SHE SAYS **GOOD-BYE** TO PAULO WITH A **KISS** AS FINAL **PAY-MENT**.

IT'S THE **LONG** KIND OF KISS. THE KIND SHE **LEARNED** MAKING **MOVIES** FOR PEOPLE LIKE PAULO.

SHE'S A **PRO** ABOUT IT.

IT ISN'T **ENOUGH** FOR HIM.

LOCATE *NUKE*, WESLEY.

NUKE...BOSS, YOU ARE NOT *SERIOUS*. PLEASE TO *TELL* ME YOU ARE NOT *SERIOUS*.

NOBODY'S *EVER* USED HIM ON A *DOMESTIC* JOB. HE'S...

I DID NOT INVITE *DEBATE*.

NO, YOU *DON'T* KNOW, BEN. YOU JUST *DON'T*.

LOOK AT YOU-- THEY BROKE YOUR *FINGERS*, HONEY!

THEY'LL *KILL* YOU-- DO YOU KNOW *THAT*? THEY'LL *KILL* YOU AND YOU'LL *DIE* FOR--

DON'T SAY THE *NAME*.

DON'T EVEN *THINK* OF THE *NAME*. IT'S SO VERY *IMPORTANT* THAT WE DON'T EVEN *THINK* OF THE *NAME*.

THEY'VE DONE SOME WORK ON ME. THE BROKEN RIB IS BACK WHERE IT BELONGS. I'M NOT BLEEDING.

I'M ONE BIG BRUISE. BEST NOT TO PAY ATTENTION TO HOW I FEEL.

THE MORE I FOCUS OUTSIDE MYSELF, THE--

--THAT STENCH--EVEN HIS SWEAT SMELLS LIKE CHEAP WINE--I CAN TASTE HIS HANGOVER WITH HIM--

--CAN'T STAND IT-- MOVE FURTHER OUT.

SOUNDS ARE MUFFLED BY THE SNOW.

KAW-W-W KAWWW

THE GULLS. THEY ONLY SOUND LIKE THAT IN THE MORNING. COMPLAINING.

BEEP HONK Tnk HONK BEEP BEEP HONNNNNK

LIKE THE WHOLE CITY'S COMPLAINING. I'M STILL IN MANHATTAN.

NARROW IT DOWN.

EVEN PAST BROTHER GALLO NEXT TO ME I CAN SMELL THE NEIGHBORHOOD. RATS AND CONCRETE DUST.

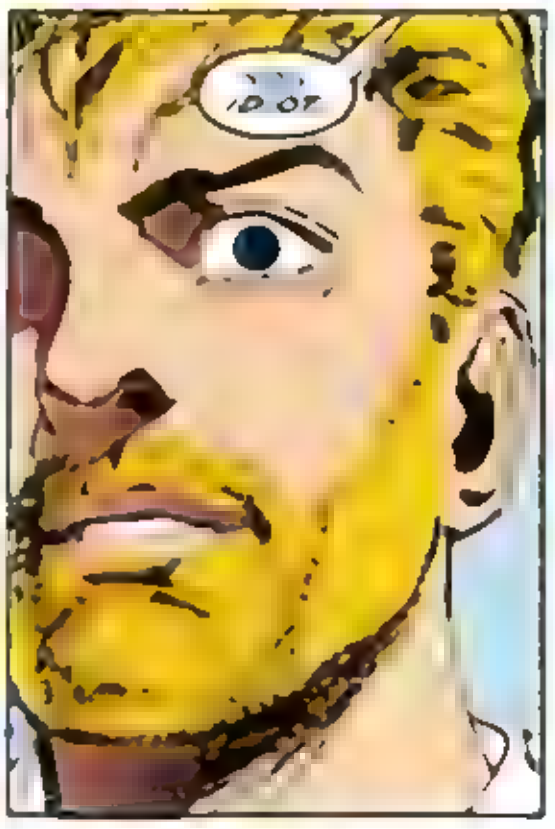
HELL'S KITCHEN I GREW UP HERE

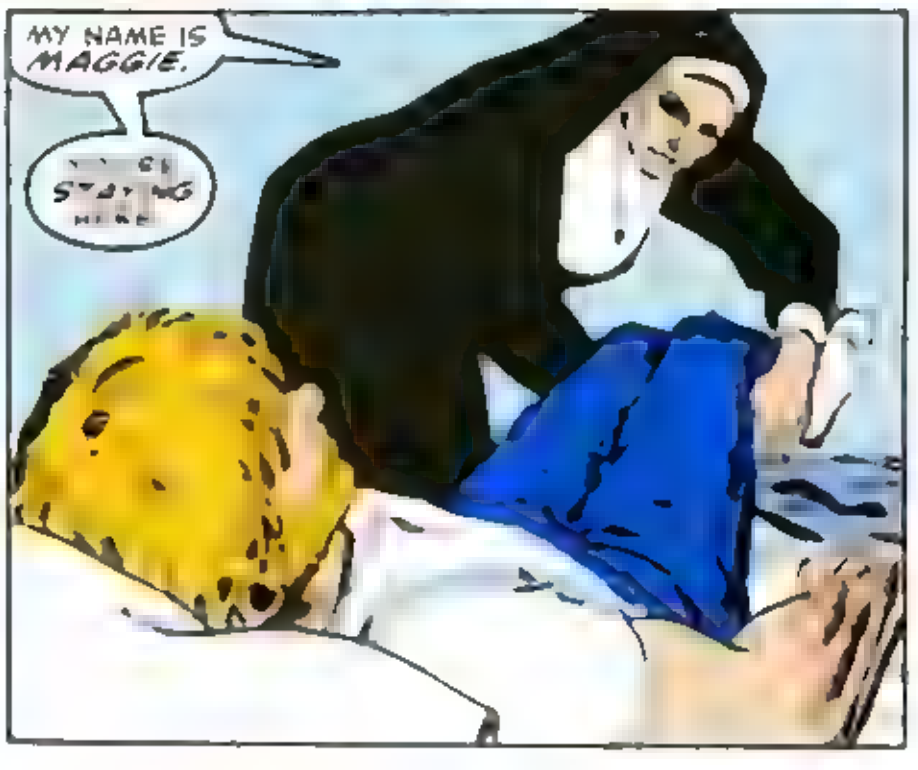
BUT WHAT KIND OF PLACE AM I IN?

BONG BONG BONG BONG

WHOA

THE GOOD, THE BAD & THE UGLY





HELLO I'M CALLING FOR FOG- FOR *FRANKLIN NELSON*...

MRS NELSON OH OH I--I'M *SORRY*. IT'S JUST I HAD NO IDEA HE'D GOTTEN *MARRIED*...

YOU SEE I USED TO BE HIS *SECRETARY* MCH BEFORE HE AND *MATT MURDOCK'S*...

COULD I PLEASE *SPEAK* TO FOGGY? I--HE DOESN'T *LIVE* THERE--BUT YOU *SAID*...

--*SEPARATED*. OH I'M *SORRY* I NEED--UM...DO YOU HAVE A *NUMBER* WHERE I COULD *REACH* HIM?

YES--OH *THANK* YOU MAAM. *THANK* YOU--

KAREN--KAREN *PAGE*? GOLLY, YOU'RE THE *LAST* PERSON I EXPECTED TO HEAR FROM. HOW'S IT *GOING*?

MATT? WELL, MATT'S COME ON *HARD* TIMES, KAREN. IT'S A LONG STORY ...NO, I'M SORRY, I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS

LOVE TO SEE YOU, KAREN. HOW LONG ARE YOU IN *TOWN*?...YOU MEAN RIGHT *NOW*? GEE, KAREN, I'M KIND OF TIED *UP*...

...WELL, *SURE*, IF IT'S *IMPORTANT*. WHERE? BOY, THAT'S A *ROUGH* PART OF *TOWN*. ARE YOU *SURE*?

...*SURE*, KAREN. FOR *OLD* TIMES, LIKE YOU *SAY*.

"OLD TIMES"! GEEZ, IT WASN'T *SO* LONG AGO

DAILY BUGLE

I'VE SEEN THIS HAPPEN *PLENTY* OF TIMES, BEN-- IT NEVER *FAILS* TO MAKE ME *SICK.*

REPORTER GETS HIS *BLOOD* UP FOR A STORY. THREATENS TO *QUIT* IF I DON'T LET HIM *GO* FOR IT--

--THEN SUDDENLY LOSES ALL *INTEREST.*

BY THE WAY-- HOW'S THE *HAND?*

LISTEN, URICH. THERE ARE THINGS YOU JUST DON'T LET *HAPPEN* IN THIS RACKET. NUMBER *ONE* IS YOU *NEVER* GET SCARED AWAY FROM A *STORY.*

NOT WHILE YOU'VE GOT THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON IN THE *WORLD* ON YOUR SIDE.

THIS IS *FIVE MILLION READERS'* WORTH OF *POWER.* IT CAN DEPOSE *MAYORS.* IT CAN DESTROY *PRESIDENTS.*

AND IT'S BEEN DUE TO GET AIMED AT THE *KINGPIN* FOR *YEARS* NOW. BUT IT NEEDS *YOU* TO *DO* IT.

YOU'RE LUCKY I DON'T *FIRE* YOU

GET OUT OF MY OFFICE.

J JONAH JAM

PUBLISHE

THAT'S A *GOOD* BOY, URICH.

YOU *STAY* A GOOD BOY. YOU *REMEMBER* THE KINGPIN'S *WATCHING.*

YOU *REMEMBER* YOU GOT FIVE MORE *FINGERS.*

HANGING FROM HER NECK...

IT'S A CROSS.

RUNNIN' OUT ON ME

JUST SEEING A *FRIEND*--

KRAK

YOU BE MINE NOW

NO, MORTON. I WILL *NOT* SHOW THIS *GARBAGE* TO *JAMESON*. YOU WILL GO *OUT* AND TAKE SOME *PICTURES* WE CAN *USE*!

BUT I...

"*TOO MILD*," HE SAYS. "*PUNCH IT UP*!" HE SAYS

--JUST A *PUFF PIECE*. SIMPLE, STUPID *PUFF PIECE* AND YOU TAKE *THREE HOURS*--ON THE FIRST *PARA-GRAPH*

WHAT'S THE *PROBLEM*, BEN?

RING

JUST A MINUTE...

The DEADLINE for the MORNING EDITION is always a GOOD time at the NEW YORK DAILY BUGLE.

I get a PHONE CALL.

I'LL TELL YOU THE *PROBLEM*. AN *EX-PRESIDENT* DOES *CARPENTRY* WORK AT A *WELFARE* PROJECT AND SAYS ALL THE *USUAL* STUFF. *NOT* YOUR MAJOR *LITERARY CHALLENGE* --

-- BUT *URICH* HERE CAN'T GET IT *WRITTEN!*

WHO PUT OUR TOP *CRIME* REPORTER ON A PIECE LIKE *THAT*?

COULD YOU SPEAK *UP* -- I CAN'T *HEAR*--

COPY BOY!

IT'S LIEUTENANT *MANOLIS*, MR URICH. I BEEN ABLE TO *TALK* FOR A COUPLE *DAYS* NOW -- BUT YOU HAVEN'T *CALLED*.

I'M READY TO GIVE WITH MY *STORY*.

MR. *URICH* IS *OFF* THE CRIME BEAT. MR. *URICH* WAS KIND ENOUGH TO *TELL* US THIS. MR. *URICH* REQUESTED A *PUFF PIECE*. I *GAVE* MR. *URICH* A *PUFF PIECE*.

MR. *URICH* HAS TAKEN *THREE HOURS* ON THE FIRST--

I THINK YOU'D BETTER GET OFF THE PHONE, BEN.

I'M SORRY, LIEUTENANT. I'M BUSY.

WHERE'S THAT *COPY BOY*?

I DON'T THINK YOU *HEARD* ME, MR. URICH.

I WANT TO *TELL* YOU HOW I HELPED THE *KINGPIN* FRAME *MATT MURDOCK*.

SO NOW HE'S *DEAF*. *ACES*. WE'RE *THREE MINUTES* FROM A SIX-INCH *BLANK* SPACE ON PAGE *FIVE* AND MR *URICH* GOES *DEAF*.

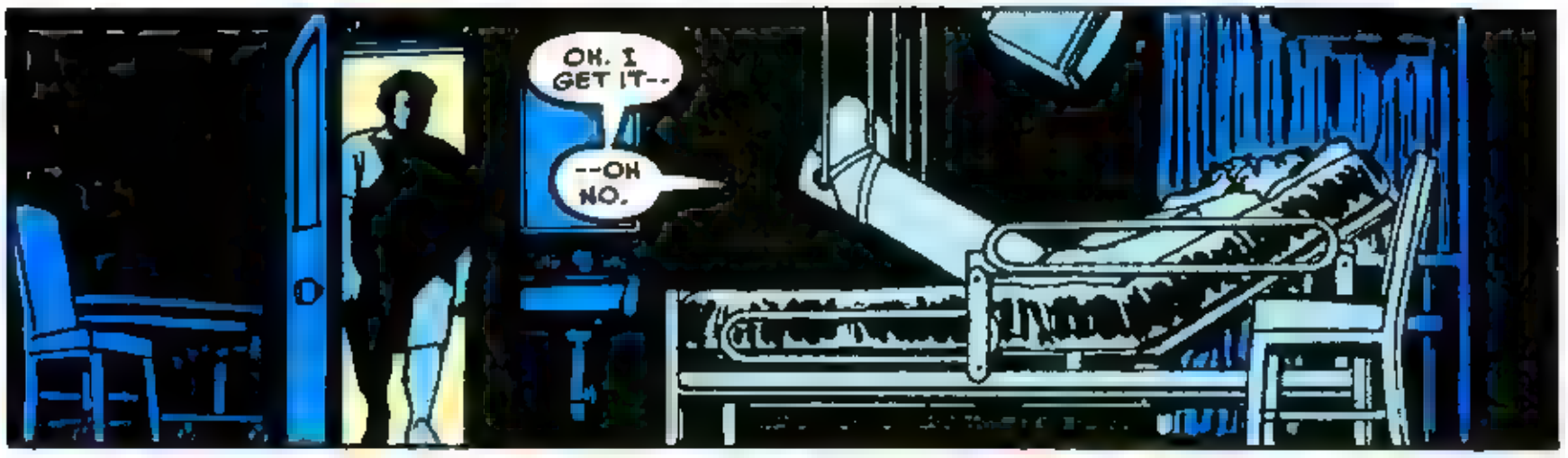
JAMESON'S GOING TO FRY MY--

SETTLE DOWN, LICHTENSTEIN.

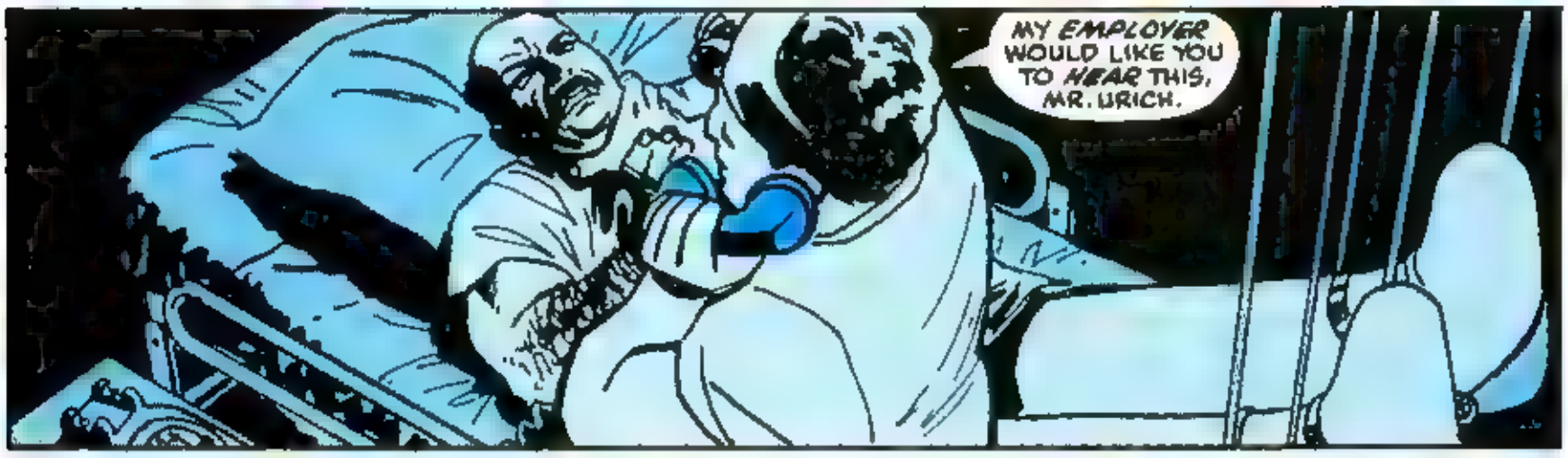
YOU HAD BETTER GET OFF THE PHONE, BEN.

I DON'T KNOW ANYBODY... BY THAT *NAME*, LIEUTENANT.

COPY BOY *DIE* OR *WHAT*?


OH. I GET IT--
--OH NO.

URICH'S BEEN *USELESS* LATELY. DO YOU KNOW THAT? HIS *LAST* PIECE WOULDN'T HAVE MADE THE *ENQUIRER*! *FINCH* HAD TO *REWRITE* IT FROM *SCRATCH*! BUT AT LEAST THERE WERE *WORDS* ON THE *PAPER*!
GET *OFF* THE *PHONE*, BEN.
YOU'RE *DEAD*, COPY BOY!
LIEUTENANT?...


MY *EMPLOYER* WOULD LIKE YOU TO *HEAR* THIS, MR. URICH.

TWO MINUTES! TWO MINUTES!
I AM *DEAD*! I AM *COLD*! I AM *BURIED*!
OUT OF HERE, MORTON. WE GOT A *NEWSPAPER* TO PUT OUT.
HUNDRED BUCKS AND I CAN MAKE MY *RENT*...
FINCH!
WHERE'S *FINCH*?

DEAD! DEAD! DEAD!

GO HOME, MORTON.

FIFTY BUCKS--MONDAY YOU'LL HAVE SHOTS YOU'LL WANT TO FRAME...

FINCH-- I NEED THIS IN TWO MINUTES.

HOSTAGE STORY'S BREAKING WIDE OPEN, ROBBIE! GOT QUOTES FROM THE TERRORISTS THAT'LL SET PAGE ONE ON FIRE! WE'LL SCOOP THE POST!

GIVE IT TO JANSON. PLEASE.

WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, MORTON

YOU WATCH--

I REALLY APPRECIATE THIS, FINCH. REMEMBER --TWO MINUTES.

I WANT YOU IN MY OFFICE, BEN. NOW.

JANSON!

I THANK YOU FOR LISTENING, MR. URICH.

WHEN I FIRST GOT MY POWERS I LIVED THROUGH A NIGHT OF UTTER AGONY.

MY SENSES WERE WILD. EVERYTHING HURT ME. EVERY SOUND AND SMELL.

A WOMAN CAME TO ME WITH WORDS OF HOPE.

SHE NEVER TOLD ME WHO SHE WAS.

SHE WORE A GOLD CROSS. I TOUCHED IT. MY FINGERS NEVER FORGOT IT.

IT'S THIS CROSS. THIS CROSS.

WHO COULD LOVE ME SO MUCH... AND STAY AWAY SO LONG...

WHO ARE YOU, MAGGIE?

STILL THE FEVER CLIMBS, SISTER.

IT WILL BREAK.

IT WILL.

YOU LOOK--

--YOU LOOK GOOD, KAREN.

UM... HOW'RE THINGS?

I MEAN...

NUKE IS IN NICAURAGUA.

IT HAS TAKEN DAYS TO FIND THIS OUT--DAYS OF REACHING FURTHER AND FURTHER OUT TO THE BRANCHES OF THE ORGANIZATION, THE LEGITIMATE CORPORATIONS, THE MILITARY OFFICES, FEEDING THE VICES OF RESPECTABLE BUSINESSMEN--EVEN A GENERAL...

A GENERAL IN MY POCKET... THE THOUGHT DANCES BRIEFLY THROUGH THE KINGPIN'S MIND... THAT IS A BRANCH TO BE NURTURED.

IT WILL TAKE DAYS MORE TO ENLIST NUKE. THE MAN'S WILLFULNESS MUST BE OVERCOME--AS MUST HIS SELF-DECEPTION OF PATRIOTISM.

THESE DAYS MUST NOT BE WASTED.

MURDOCK MUST BE DRAWN OUT OF HIDING. PERHAPS A THREAT TO HIS LOVED ONES...

TOO OBVIOUS.

BUT...TO TAKE THAT SMALL SHRED OF HIMSELF THAT HE STILL OWNS--TO FLAIL HIM WITH IT...

SNAP

THE CRIME LORD SUMMONS A MAN WHO SPECIALIZES IN PSYCHOTICS--

--AND ALWAYS OFFERS AN EXCELLENT SELECTION.

I swear it took FOREVER...

I'VE SPOKEN WITH YOUR *DOCTOR*, BEN. HE SAYS THAT *BANDAGE* WAS SUPPOSED TO COME OFF *YESTERDAY*.

I WANT YOU TO TAKE A FEW DAYS *OFF*. THIS IS THE NUMBER OF A *PSYCHIATRIST*.

...FOREVER...

NO, I MEAN IT. YOU LOOK *GREAT*...

.. Nick GURGLED like a CLOGGED DRAIN. Somewhere in the MIDDLE of it he caught a single raspy BREATH .

NO SMOKING IN THE ELEVATOR, MAN

--one breath and it was so very DESPERATE .

TEMPERATURE . MUST BE AROUND A HUNDRED AND THREE NOW ..

...THAT'S WHAT YOU GET... FOR SWIMMING IN THE EAST RIVER... SLEEPING IN THE STREET...

PNEUMONIA... STUPID WAY TO DIE

KAREN-- WHAT HAPPENED?

I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK FOGGY

...and finally, the RATTLE.

It took forever too.

I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW ABOUT--NO, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN MY MOVIES.

LET'S JUST SAY THAT I'VE MESSED UP MY LIFE ABOUT AS BADLY AS I *COULD*. LET'S JUST...

I'M A *JUNKIE* AND I'VE GOT TO FIND *MATT* OR I'LL BE *MURDERED*.

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR *MOUTH*, KAREN?

THAT'S *PAULO*. THE *MAN* I'M WITH. HE'S PRETTY AWFUL.

LIKE TO GET MY *HANDS* ON THAT RAT--

DON'T-- JUST *DON'T*, FOGGY

I JUST NEED TO KNOW WHERE *MATT* IS. HE--I CAN'T TELL YOU *WHY*, BUT HE'S THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN *SAVE* ME.

MATT'S DISAPPEARED, KAREN. A *LOT* HAS HAPPENED.

OUR *LAW FIRM* WENT OUT OF *BUSINESS*. *MATT* --WELL, MATT'S BEEN ACTING *CRAZY*. FOR SOME TIME NOW. THEN HE WAS CHARGED WITH *CRIMINAL MISCONDUCT*.

NOT *MATT*. NO.

IT WAS A *FRAME*, BY *GANGSTERS*, I THINK. WE DID OUR BEST TO *FIGHT* IT-- BUT WE *LOST*. MATT WAS *DIS-BARRED* FROM PRACTICING *LAW*.

THEN HIS *HOUSE* BLEW UP AND MATT *VANISHED*.

OH NO-- OH *FOGGY* --IT--

--IT'S ALL MY *FAULT*!

TELL ME WHAT YOU MEAN BY THAT, KAREN.

NOTHING. JUST TALKING LIKE A JUNKIE. DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING.

LOOK I BETTER *GO*

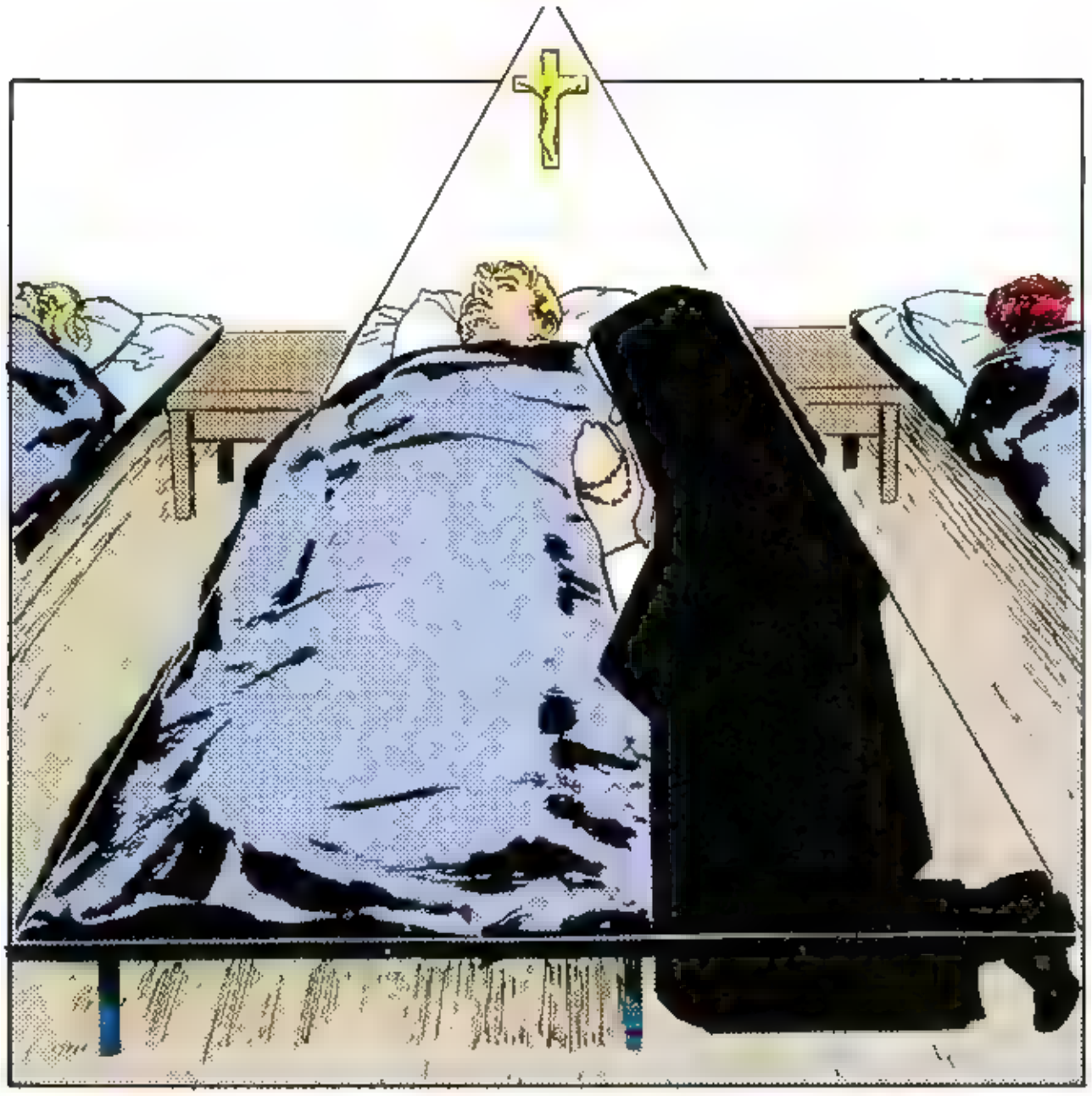
BACK TO THE GUY WHO *PUNCHED* YOU ? NO

YOU'RE COMING HOME WITH *ME*, KAREN

NO, FOGGY, YOU'RE *SWEET*, BUT *NO*. PAULO --HE'LL *KILL* YOU, HE'LL KILL *BOTH* OF US.

I WON'T *TAKE* NO FOR AN ANSWER KAREN. YOU AND ME WE'RE *FAMILY*.

MATT'S *FAMILY*



THE FEVER GROWS IN HIM NO EARTHLY FORCE CAN STOP IT. HE HAS LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD. HIS BODY CANNOT FIGHT.

HE WILL DIE.

BUT HE HAS SO VERY MUCH TO DO, MY LORD.

HIS SOUL IS TROUBLED.

BUT IT IS A GOOD MAN'S SOUL, MY LORD.

HE NEEDS ONLY TO BE SHOWN YOUR WAY. THEN HE WILL RISE AS YOUR OWN AND BRING LIGHT TO THIS POISONED CITY. HE WILL BE AS A SPEAR OF LIGHTNING IN YOUR HAND, MY LORD.

IF I AM TO BE PUNISHED FOR PAST SINS, SO BE IT.

IF I AM TO BE CAST INTO HELL, SO BE IT.

BUT SPARE HIM.

SO MANY NEED HIM.

HEAR MY PLEA.

DOWNTOWN...

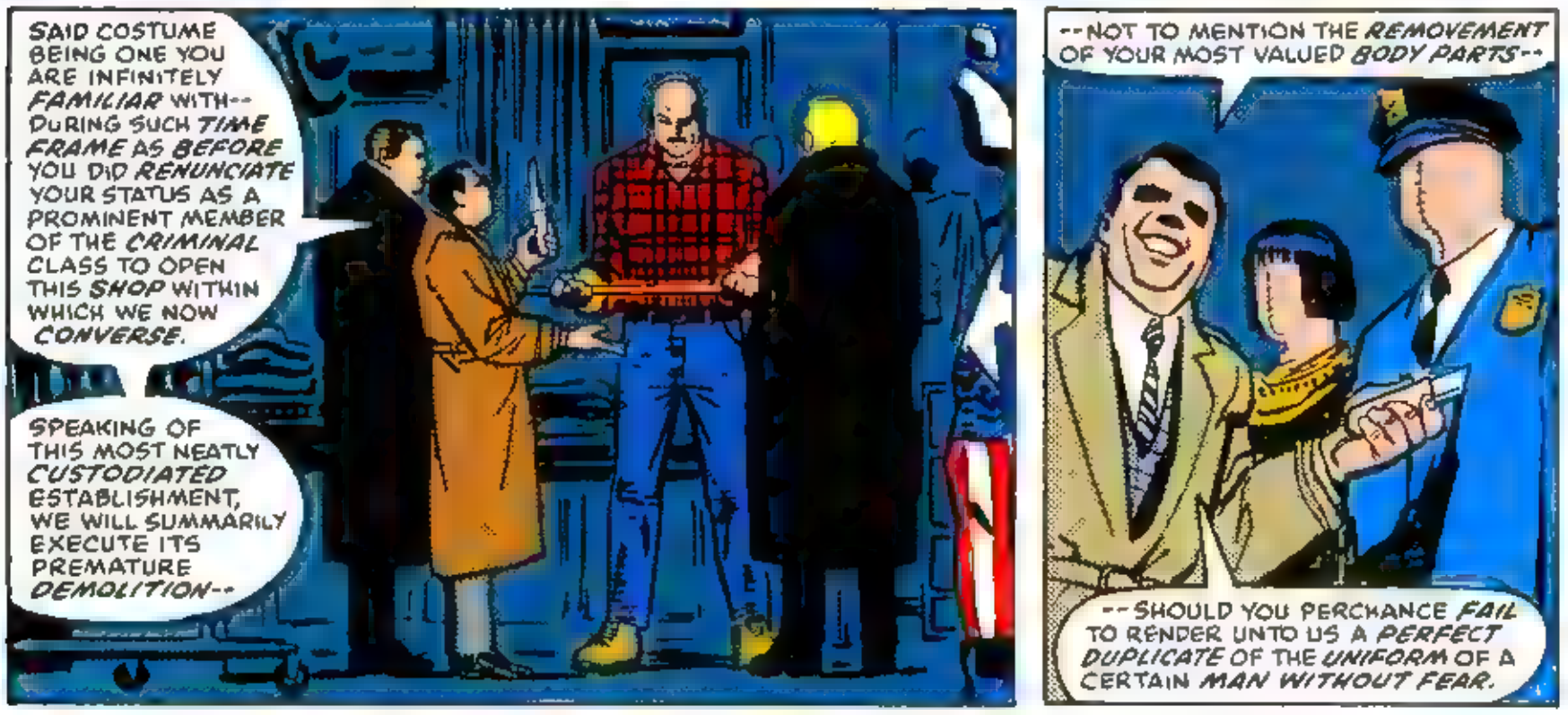
COSTUMES

MELVIN POTTER PROPRIETOR

I DON'T *LIKE* IT. I KNOW WHO YOU *WORK* FOR, FELIX.

AND THE *KINGPIN* IS NEVER UP TO ANYTHING *GOOD.*

WHAT IS THERE NOT TO *LIKE*, POTTER? YOU CONSTRUCT *COSTUMES.* I AM HERETOWITH *COMMISSIONING* FROM YOURSELF A *COSTUME.*


SAID COSTUME BEING ONE YOU ARE INFINITELY *FAMILIAR* WITH-- DURING SUCH *TIME FRAME* AS *BEFORE* YOU DID *RENUNCIATE* YOUR STATUS AS A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE *CRIMINAL* CLASS TO OPEN THIS *SHOP* WITHIN WHICH WE NOW *CONVERSE.*
SPEAKING OF THIS MOST NEATLY *CUSTODIATED* ESTABLISHMENT, WE WILL SUMMARILY EXECUTE ITS PREMATURE *DEMOLITION--*
--NOT TO MENTION THE *REMOVEMENT* OF YOUR MOST VALUED *BODY PARTS--*
--SHOULD YOU PERCHANCE *FAIL* TO RENDER UNTO US A *PERFECT DUPLICATE* OF THE *UNIFORM* OF A CERTAIN *MAN WITHOUT FEAR.*

...EVER SINCE THE FEVER BROKE.

IT'S A PLEASURE JUST TO SIT AND LISTEN TO IT.

GOD HAS BEEN MERCIFUL TO THAT BOY.

GOD IS JUST, SISTER.

MAGGIE'S HEART IS JUST TO MY RIGHT. IT'S IN GREAT SHAPE. SHE'S GOT A LOT OF YEARS LEFT.

AND THE TENSION HAS GONE OUT OF HER SWEAT. SHE CARRIES THE SAME SCENT SHE BROUGHT TO MY HOSPITAL ROOM, YEARS AGO.

ARE YOU HUNGRY?

NOT YET. BUT I WILL BE--- THANKS TO YOU.

IT'S A PLEASANT SCENT.

SO MUCH LIKE MY OWN.

GIVE YOUR THANKS TO THE LORD.

MAGGIE...

...ARE YOU MY MOTHER?

OF COURSE NOT, CHILD.

A HEARTBEAT CAN TELL YOU A LOT.

HERS JUST JUMPED.

SHE'S LYING.

NEXT: SAVED

FAPP

FAPP

PUT *SIMPLY*, GENTLEMEN, CRIME IS ON THE *RISE*-- AND THEREFORE, SO ARE OUR *PROFITS*.

YOU ARE DISMISSED.

ONE *MOMENT*, MR. FISK.

THERE'S NOBODY IN THIS *ROOM* WHO WOULD QUESTION YOUR *AUTHORITY* --OR YOUR *JUDGEMENT*, MR. FISK.

NONETHELESS, CERTAIN *ALLOCATIONS* OF *PERSONNEL* AND *FUNDS* HAVE COME TO THE ATTENTION OF THE *BOARD* -- AND WELL, SIR, THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF *TALK*...

...ABOUT *MATT MURDOCK*...

FAPP

...NOW, AN OCCASIONAL *VENDETTA* BRINGS A *PERSONAL* TOUCH TO... TO BUSINESS. IT'S *GOOD* FOR BUILDING *ENTHUSIASM*. BUT LIKE I *SAID*, THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF *TALK*...

...AND, WELL, YOU *KNOW* HOW IMPORTANT *WORKER CONFIDENCE* IS. WE'RE JUST ASKING YOU TO *EXPLAIN*...

FAPP

CHINKK

MR. *SWITZER*--THIS IS A *CHECK* FOR THE CURRENT MARKET VALUE OF YOUR SHARES IN THE CONGLOMERATE. TAKE IT, OR YOUR FAMILY *DIES*.

YOU ARE ALL DISMISSED.

MR. *SWITZER* HAS A *WEEKEND* IN *COLORADO* PLANNED.

HE *SKIS*.

COMPOUND FRACTURE.

BOTH LEGS

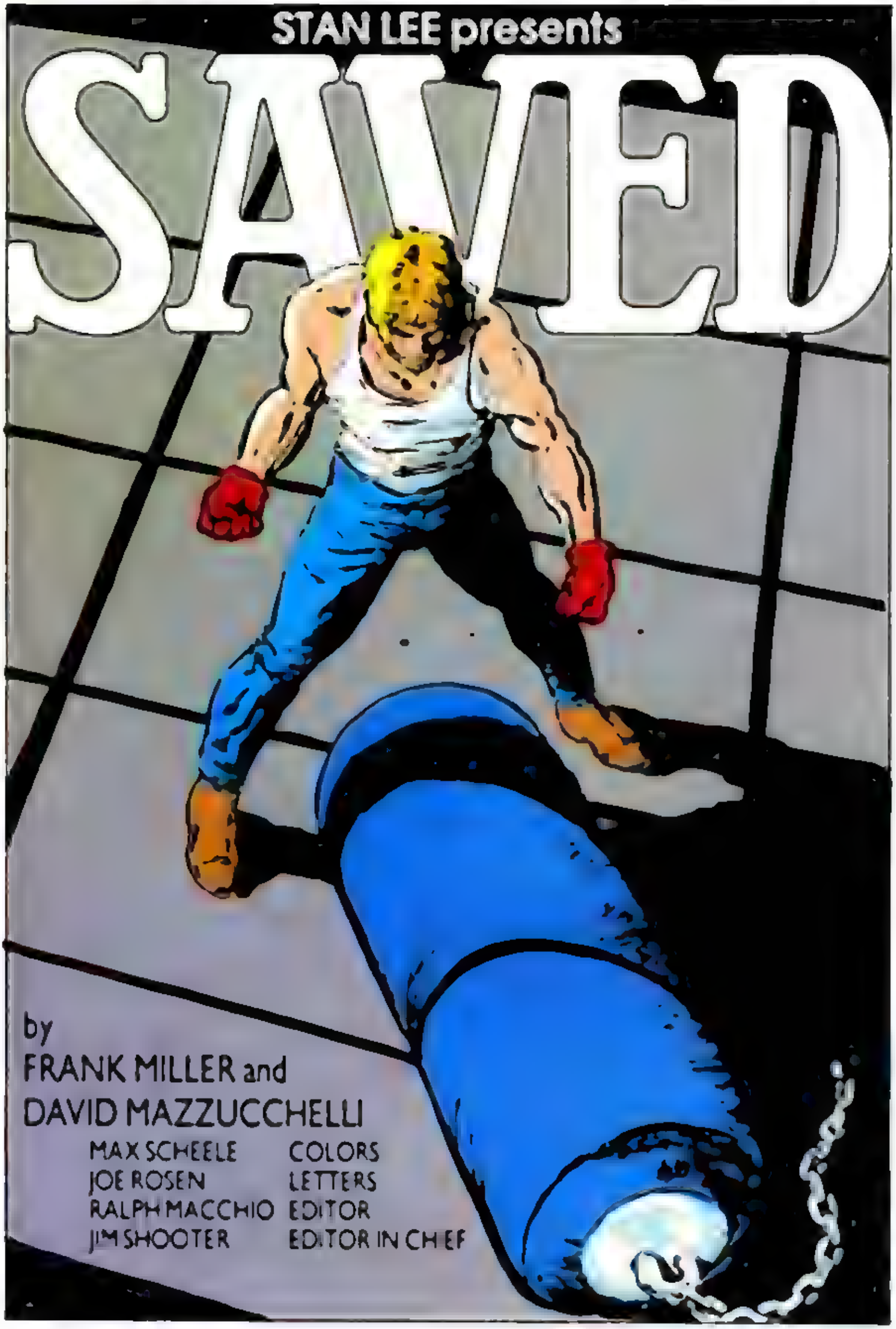
FAPP

FAPP

CHINKKK

STAN LEE presents

SAVED



by
FRANK MILLER and
DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI

MAX SCHEELE	COLORS
JOE ROSEN	LETTERS
RALPH MACCHIO	EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER	EDITOR IN CHIEF

My name is BEN URICH I'm a REPORTER.

It took them TWENTY MINUTES to take down my STATEMENT on the murder of police Lieutenant NICK MANOLIS

That was THREE HOURS ago

For the RECORD. we were on recitation number FIFTEEN when my skull became a bowl of FARINA.

...NICK WAS GOING TO CONFESS THAT HE HELPED THE *KINGPIN* FRAME *MATT MURDOCK.*

THE *KINGPIN* HAD NICK *KILLED* TO SHUT HIM *UP.*

I CAN'T *TELL* YOU WHY THE KINGPIN HAS IT *IN* FOR MURDOCK...

I start thinking about MATT just to keep my BRAIN busy

MATT...they'd put me in the DRUNK TANK if I tried to to tell them about YOU...

...about how you were struck across the eyes and BLINDED by a radioactive ISOTOPE - how your remaining SENSES were HEIGHTENED

Suppose I TOLD them, Matt, that you can tell if someone's LYING by the sound of a HEARTBEAT?

That you can READ a printed PAGE by FEELING the impression of the INK with your FINGER-TIPS...

BUGLE

Cop Strangled in Hospital Bed

The Kingpin of Crime

A Six Part Series by Ben U...

...no, I don't tell them all THAT. But whatever I DO say is enough to convince them to graft a six foot SWEDE to my hip.

I wish I could tell you I feel SAFER with officer HEGERFORS

It's not like having YOU along. MATT Nothing is.

Knowing you're ALIVE--that would help

The KINGPIN robbed you of your CAREER, your HOME, everything you HAD. All this while you were teetering on the edge of a nervous BREAKDOWN

Nobody's SEEN you for WEEKS

PLEASE TO *UNDERSTAND*, LOIS. ALL CONSUMED ARE *DELIGHTED* WITH THE *EPTITUDE* OF YOUR *PERFORMANCE* IN THE *MANOLIS* AFFAIR. I *MYSELF* DID MAKE THE *KINGPIN* AWARE OF YOUR AFOREMENTIONED EPTITUDE.

BE THIS AS IT *MIGHT*, YOU HAVE *KILLED* A COP--

AND I DID A *FINE* JOB OF IT! FOR THIS I'M *RELOCATED*--TO *ARIZONA*?

WHAT, PRAY TELL, AM I TO *DO* WITH MYSELF IN *ARIZONA*?

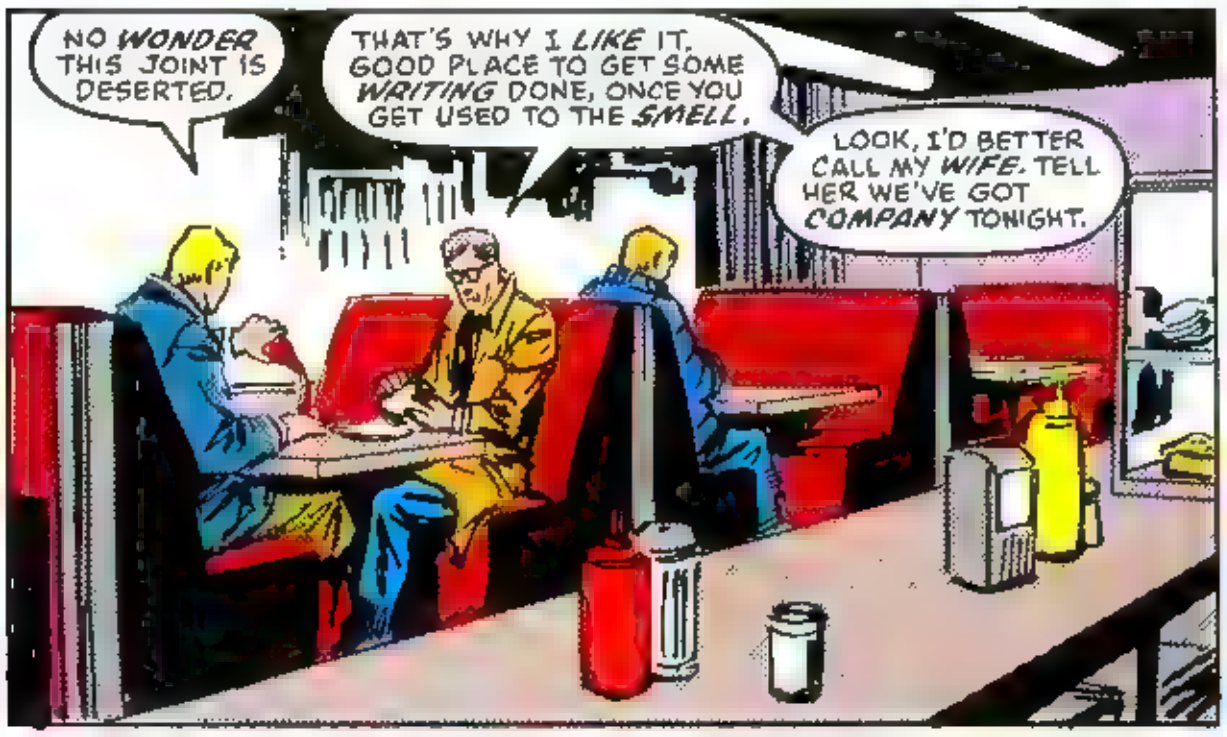
I *ASSURE* YOU THIS *DISPLACEMENT* IS OF A *TEMPORARY* NATURE. URICH'S SUDDEN ACQUISITION OF *GUTS* IS CAUSE FOR *ORGANIZATION-WIDE* CONCERN--

IF MR. *URICH* IS THE *PROBLEM*--

--LET ME RELOCATE *HIM*.

NOT TO BE CONSIDERED, LOIS-- AS PER DIRECT COMMAND FROM--
LOIS--

WHAT IS THIS THING?
A HAMBURGER. NOT THE WORST THING ON THE MENU, OFFICER.
YOU SHOULD TRY THE MEATBALLS
READ the


NO WONDER THIS JOINT IS DESERTED.
THAT'S WHY I LIKE IT. GOOD PLACE TO GET SOME WRITING DONE, ONCE YOU GET USED TO THE SMELL.
LOOK, I'D BETTER CALL MY WIFE. TELL HER WE'VE GOT COMPANY TONIGHT.

ALL I NEED IS A COUCH, MR. URICH.
YOU DON'T KNOW DORIS.

I DON'T CARE WHAT THE MAN SAID, BEN. HE'S OUR GUEST AND IT WON'T TAKE A MINUTE TO FIX HIM A PROPER BED.
NOK NOK
SOMEONE AT THE DOOR, HONEY. SEE YOU SOON.

HELLO?

MRS. URICH, IT'S YOUR HUSBAND. IT'S VERY BAD.

Forty minutes on the subway. I block them out

NOK NOK

OPEN UP DOLL IT'S ME

PROBABLY GOT THE WHFFF AGAIN

KKLAKK CHKLAK klik

TOOK *MONTHS* TO CONVINCE HER TO KEEP THE *DOOR* LOCKED.

SHE'S FROM *IDAHO*. TENDS TO *TRUST* PEOPLE

EVEN *NEW YORK* HASN'T CURED HER OF *WHFFF*

MOFF DORIS

THWOKK

G.. GG.. GG..

DORIS

OH NO DORIS

GGG--

OH NO BABY OH NO HONEY NO--

KNOT'S TOO TIGHT HONEY BABY OH NO--

KRAKK

WH--

CHUDD

THAK

KKRAKK

DON'T MOVE HONEY DON'T MOVE--

KOFF HKKK KOFF

Right in my own HOME--right in my own HOME--

I stand there for a full minute, holding the razor with no idea how to use it, before I notice the HANDCUFFS and her broken JAW.

It sinks in.

MATT.

You're ALIVE

RING RING RING RING

HELLO? HELLO, MR URICH?

YOU MIGHT NOT *REMEMBER* ME. I'M *MELVIN POTTER.*

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, MR URICH -- I READ YOUR *ARTICLE* IN TODAY'S *BUGLE*, ABOUT THE *KINGPIN.*

WE OUGHT TO *TALK.* I MEAN, WE *HAVE* TO TALK. *TONIGHT.*

IT'S ABOUT *DAREDEVIL.* IT'S *URGENT.*

TONIGHT? NO. CAN'T TALK TONIGHT TOMORROW.

BUT IT *HAS* TO BE *TONIGHT*-- IT'S A MATTER OF *LIFE* AND *KLIK*

Right in my own HOME.

THIS ONE HAS A THING FOR *FAMILIES.*

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T GIVE YOU AN EXACT *BODY COUNT*--HIS *LAWYER* GOT HIS *RECORD* SEALED--BUT IT'S *RESPECTABLE.*

GOES FOR *KNIVES*, MOSTLY. BUT I'M *SURE* HE COULD BE TALKED INTO USING A *CLUB.*

I SHOULD *WARN* YOU--HE'S *UNPREDICTABLE.*

HE WILL DO. ARRANGE FOR HIS RELEASE.

...SAID THEY'RE GOING TO BLOW UP THE *SHOP* AND KILL *ME*, BETSY--UNLESS I MAKE THIS *DAREDEVIL* COSTUME.

I *KNOW* THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING *ROTTEN.* THEY WANT IT *TONIGHT.* I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO *DO.*

...*TERRIBLE*, THAT'S HOW I FEEL. YOU KNOW WHAT *DAREDEVIL'S* DONE FOR ME. I'D BE IN *PRISON* IF NOT FOR HIM. BUT MY*SHOP*...

...BETSY--PLEASE STOP ASKING ME HOW I *FEEL.* I DON'T *NEED* YOU AS A *THERAPIST.* I NEED TO KNOW WHAT TO *DO.*

...NO, NO--*SKIP* ALL THAT YOU JUST DON'T *KNOW* WHAT I SHOULD DO. I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M SPEAKING WITH YOU.

GOOD-BYE, BETSY.

MELVIN.

MAKE THE COSTUME.

NO ONE WILL BE HURT.

PLEASURE TO HEAR YOUR *VOICE*, DAREDEVIL.

KAREN...UM...CAN I *GET* YOU ANYTHING?...

SICK-- SHE'S SO SICK AND IT WON'T STOP--

--NOTHING IN HER STOMACH BUT HER BODY DOESN'T KNOW THAT AND SHE'S SO SICK--

--FOGGY--IT SEEMS SO STUPID WITH FOGGY HERE-- HE'S PART OF ANOTHER WORLD--

NO, FOGGY-- M OKAY--

--WHEN KAREN PAGE WAS PRETTY AND INNOCENT AND FOGGY'S SECRETARY--

--AND MATT'S--

--BEFORE THE MOVIES AND THE MEN AND--AND THE JUNK--

--ANOTHER WORLD--SHE THOUGHT SHE COULD COME BACK TO IT--THOUGHT SHE NEEDED--

--ALL SHE NEEDS IS A FIX--

--NEEDED MATT--BUT MATT'S GONE PROBABLY DEAD AND IT'S HER FAULT--

--SOLD HIM OUT SOLD HIS SECRET IDENTITY FOR ONE LOUSY FIX-- JUST LIKE A JUNKIE--

--FOGGY COULDN'T STOP ME IF I JUMPED RIGHT NOW--

PAULO--IT'S PAULO-- DOWN THERE JUST WAITING MUST'VE BEEN FOLLOWING ME ALL ALONG-- ALL THE WAY FROM HIS HOTEL--

THAT THE GUY THAT BEAT YOU UP? WHERE?

--SAID HE'D KILL ME IF I RAN OUT ON HIM AND I DID--HE'S CRAZY-- HE'LL KILL US BOTH--

DEVIL HE WILL. I'M CALLING THE POLICE.

MR. POTTER DID A COMMENSURATE JOB ON THAT COSTUME.

WERE YOU OF THE VERBAL PERSUASION, I AM CERTAIN THAT YOU WOULD AGREE.

PUT IT ON--AND LISTEN CLOSELY AS I GIVE WITH YOUR INSTRUCTIONS...

...YOU WILL BE *DEPOSITED* IN AN *ALLEY* BESIDE AN *APARTMENT BUILDING*. YOU WILL *CLIMB* THE *FIRE ESCAPE* AND *ENTER* SAID BUILDING THROUGH THE *ROOF ENTRANCE*, WHICH SHALL BE *UNLOCKED*.

YOU WILL *DESCENT* YOURSELF TO APARTMENT 5B. THEREIN, YOU WILL MAKE USE OF THIS HERE *BILLY CLUB*--

--TO CAUSE *ANATOMIC DAMAGE* TO ONE *FRANKLIN NELSON* AND WHOSOEVER *ELSE* MAY *HABITATE* THE APARTMENT.

SAID *DAMAGE* IS TO BE OF A *PERMANENT* NATURE.

EEEEEEEE

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, YOU.

RAISE YOUR HANDS.

SURE, OFFICER.

NO *PROBLEM*.

KRAM

KR-AM

POLIC

BL-MM

BEEN SOME *ACTION*, BOSS. *FREAK* WITH A *SHOTGUN* ACED TWO *COPS*.

PAGE IS STILL *UP* THERE. DO WE MOVE *IN*?

STAY WHERE YOU ARE.

IF *PAGE* OR *NELSON* TRIES TO LEAVE THE BUILDING, KILL THEM. DO IT QUICKLY. THERE WILL BE MORE POLICE.

POLICE... I NEED NOT ARRANGE FOR NEWS COVERAGE, AS I HAD PLANNED. DAREDEVIL WILL BE SPOTTED.

AND MATT MURDOCK WILL FIND HIS ALTER EGO CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF HIS FORMER PARTNER AND BEST FRIEND.

STILL, THE TIMING IS DELICATE. MY RENTED PSYCHOPATH WILL HAVE TO MOVE SWIFTLY...

...MOVE *SWIFTLY*, MAKE WITH AN *APPEARANCE* AT THE *WINDOW*, AND DON'T FORGET THE *ESCAPE ROUTE*. ELSEWISE YOU WILL BE *APPREHENSED*, WHICH WOULD *BLOW* THE PLAN IN ITS *ENTIRENESS*.

APARTMENT 5B. SAY IT BACK SO I KNOW YOU ARE NOT WITHOUT *EARS*.

THWAKK

5B.

5B. 5B. 5B. 5B.

TWO POLICEMEN HAVE BEEN SHOT--YES, THAT'S *WEST SEVENTIETH* AND *COLUMBUS*.

THEY'LL BE RIGHT--

KRSHH

--NO HOPE FOR ME ANYWAY--I'M DEAD--

OHHH

--BUT FOGGY-- I CAN GO TO PAULO AND HE WON'T KILL FOGGY--

--DO THAT MUCH RIGHT--

NNFF

THMPP

THWAKK

WHOKK

--MAYBE--MAYBE IF I TALK TO PAULO--BE NICE--HE'LL JUST SLAP ME AROUND--

--MAYBE--HE'LL EVEN FIX ME UP--HE'S ALWAYS CARRYING--

--CRAZY JUNKIE HE'LL KILL YOU--

--THINK OF FOGGY--

PITY TO LOSE NELSON. I ONLY RECENTLY ARRANGED TO HAVE HIM HIRED.

SMALL SACRIFICE -- TO DRAW MURDOCK OUT OF HIDING -- TO FINALLY KNOW -- WHERE HE IS --

PAGE JUST HIT THE STREET, BOSS. WE'RE MOVING IN.

KAREN BABY--

PAULO -- WE GOT TO TALK--

SURE, BABY.

LET'S TALK.

AAA

BOTH?

'COURSE.

FUPP

YAAA-- WHAT--

SPAK SPAK SPAK

COME ON--

KRAKK

SB.

SB.

KLUDD

SB.

WHUKK

SBB.--

SNAKK

WHHNNNGGG

KAREN

BLAMM

FUPP

I'M *HIT* BABY GET THE *GUN*--

--NO--YOU STINKING *JUNKIE*--

--RIPPING ME OFF--

PFF

--DEAD END ALLEY--DEAD END--ANYWAY--DOESN'T MATTER--

--GO FOR ONE LAST *FIX*--ONE LAST TIME--

FUPP

TAKE YOU *WITH* ME, KAREN PAGE...

--ONE LAST *FIX* --STOP *SHAKING* --FIND THE VEIN--

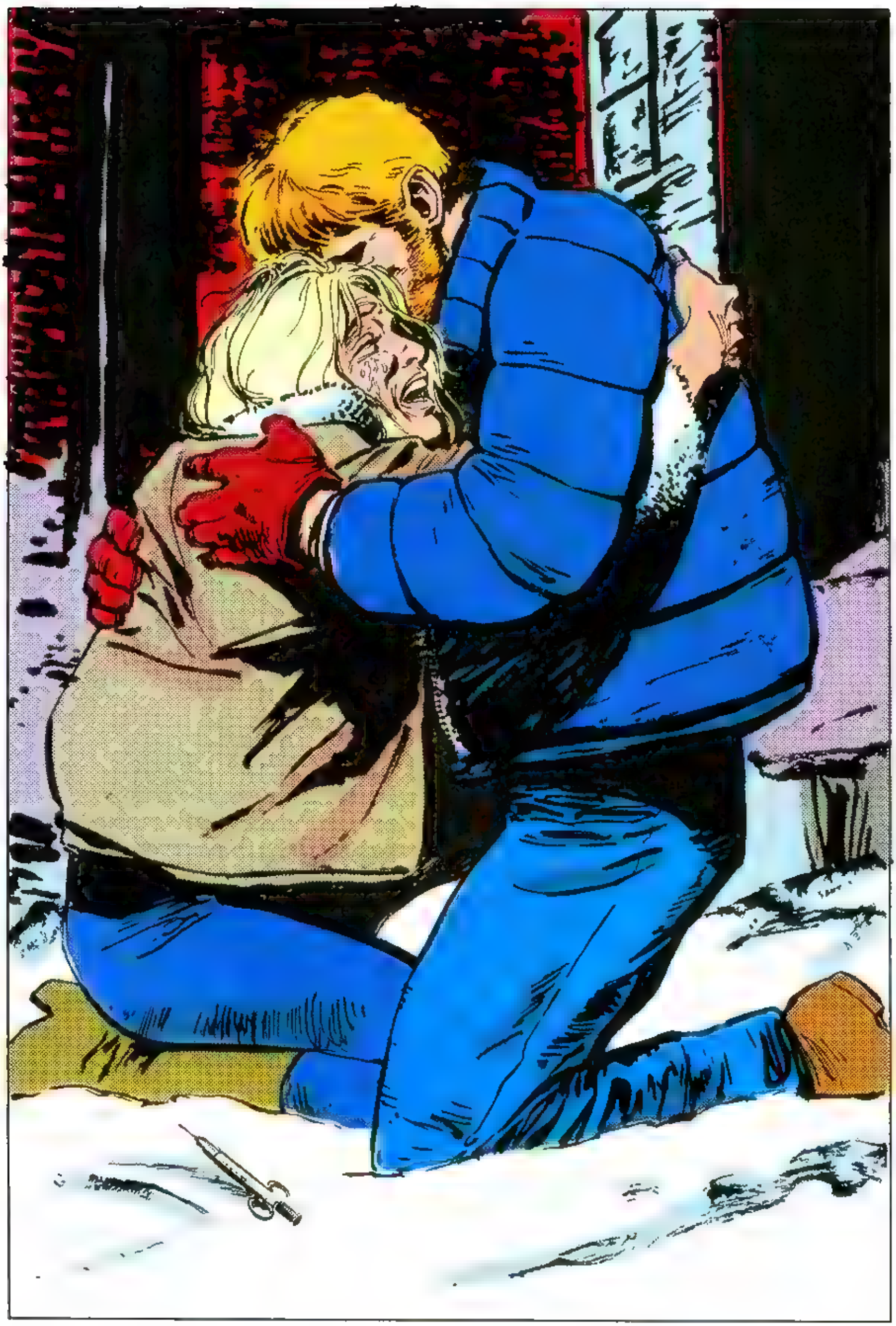
--WON'T EVEN FEEL THE *BULLET*--ONE LAST--FIND THE VEIN--I *LOVE* YOU, MATT--

THWKK

TUNK

WHAT THE...

THWKK



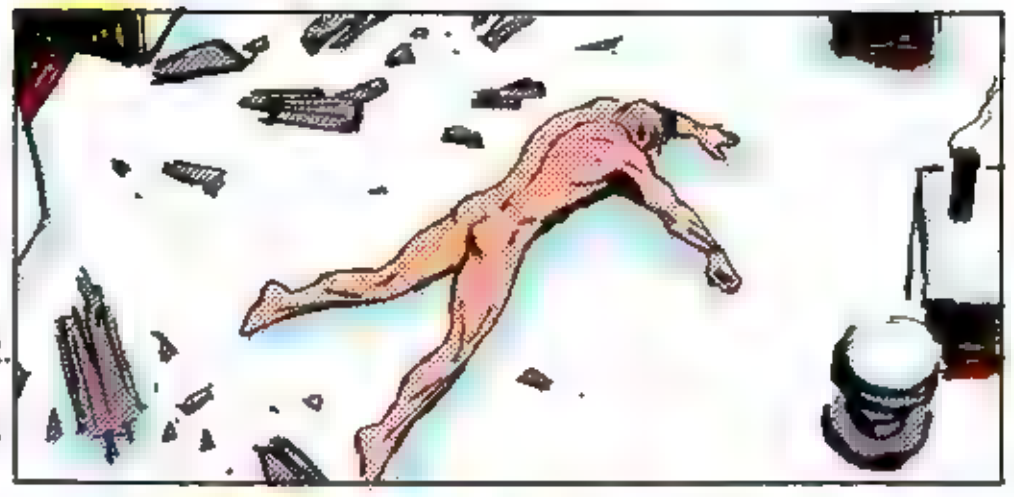
In case you're too LAZY to read the NEWSPAPER--or WORSE, you get it from TELEVISION--a LOT has happened.

FIVE BODIES were found by POLICE on and around a West Side APARTMENT BUILDING. The LIVE one was on the ROOF, stripped NAKED and suffering from multiple CONTUSIONS.

Turns out he's a certified LUNATIC.

The DOCTOR who arranged for his RELEASE is now working in FLORIDA

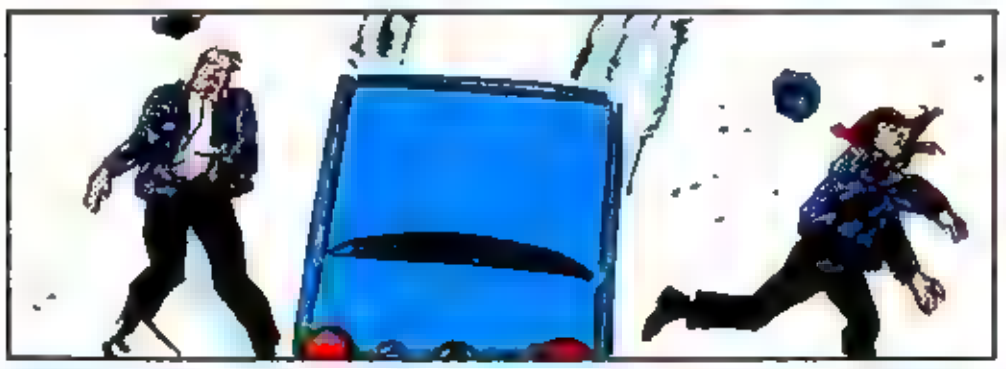
As a GARDENER.



Two of the DEAD ones were known CRIMINALS. Both had previously served PRISON terms. One, in fact, FELIX MANNING by name, was still on PAROLE.

Their CORPSES and their EMPLOYMENT RECORDS have sparked an INVESTIGATION that will keep the Kingpin's ATTORNEYS busy for MONTHS.

The other two were officers SPANNER and TRUMBULL of the New York City POLICE. They leave a husband, a wife, and four kids behind to wonder WHY.



Two MORE were apprehended FLEEING the scene. One was MICHAEL KEMP, a three time LOSER. The other, PAULO SCORCESE, faces several LIFE SENTENCES for outstanding convictions of ARMED ROBBERY, DRUG TRAFFICKING, and MURDER.

Doris? Well, her NECK still hurts and she's taken to wearing a SCARF to hide the BRUISE. But she can TALK again and even LAUGHS when I say she sounds like BRENDA VACCARO.

As for ME--like I TOLD you, I'm a REPORTER.

I'm going to find out where MATT MURDOCK is--

--and what he has BECOME.

GIVE ME A *RED.*

OUR *BOYS*-- OUR *BOYS*--

NUKE-- THAT'S *WRONG*, BOY YOU'VE GOT IT *WRONG.*

YOU ARE *NOT* IN *VIETNAM*--

--YOU ARE *NOT* LOOKING FOR *MIAS.*

THIS IS *NICARAGUA*--

BETSY-- FORGOT TO SET *BETSY*--

GOOD *COUNT*-- BEST *YET*--

162

--I'LL *TOP* IT FOR YOU, COLONEL.

000

YOU'LL GET YOUR *CHANCE*, BOY.

THERE'S A *LOT* OF THEM DOWN THERE.

AND THEY'RE *HOLDING*-- OUR *BOYS*--

BETSY HUMS AS THE RED STARTS COMING IN AROUND THE EDGES AND THE COLONEL'S VOICE STOPS SLOWING THINGS DOWN.

--OUR BOYS--

BETSY, SHE KNOWS WHAT TO DO. THE PROGRAM'S ALL SET.

STAGE ONE.

NAPALM.

SHE KNOWS WHAT TO DO

SHE KEEPS THE COUNT

005

RED'S KICKING IN BUT GOOD NOW-- ADRENALIN RUSH LIKE A ROCKET BLAST--

RAKABRAK

032

BUDDA BUDDA

045

BRAK

OUR BOYS--

KK

088

GIVE ME A *WHITE.*

WHERE *NEXT?*

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO *BELIEVE* THIS, BOY.

YOU'RE HOPPING A *CIVILIAN* PLANE. GOING *STATESIDE*, *NEW YORK.*

ORDER CAME DOWN WHILE YOU WERE MOPPING *UP.* STRAIGHT FROM THE *GENERAL.*

GENERAL SEEMS TO HAVE GOTTEN HIMSELF SOME NEW *FRIENDS.*

NEW YORK-- AMERICA...

AMERICA

...SO *GLAD* YOU COULD TAKE MY *CALL*, MR. FISK... AH...JUST THOUGHT YOU'D BE GLAD TO *KNOW*...

...AH...*NUKE*--I MEAN AGENT *SIMPSON*...WELL, HE'S *EN ROUTE*, MR FISK. COMING YOUR *WAY*, JUST LIKE YOU...LIKE YOU *WANTED*...

...I HAVE... AH...*DELIVERED THE GOODS*, MR. FISK...AND...AND, WELL...

...WELL, I'M *WAITING* FOR THE GOODS YOU PROMISED *ME*...

NUKE.

SUCH A SIMPLE TERM. SO DIRECT.

AND NOW THE KING-PIN OF CRIME WILL AIM THIS NUKE AT THE MAN HE IS LEARNING TO HATE

THE MAN HE IS LEARNING TO FEAR.

MURDOCK.

KAREN PAGE TRIES TO SCREAM BUT THE ONLY SOUND SHE CAN MAKE IS A DRY SUCKING--

--SUCKING. SHE THINKS OF WHAT SHE LEARNED IN COLLEGE --IN SCIENCE CLASS--WHAT SHE LEARNED ABOUT BLACK HOLES--

--STARS THAT COLLAPSE IN ON THEMSELVES AND STOP SHINING--COLLAPSE UNTIL THERE'S NOTHING LEFT LESS THAN NOTHING--

--JUST A HOLE THAT SUCKS EVERYTHING IN AND TAKES IT NOWHERE--JUST SUCKS AND SUCKS--

--AND SHE'D GO SHE'D DISAPPEAR AND IT WOULDN'T MATTER--BUT HIS ARMS ARE STRONG AND HE HOLDS HER HERE ON EARTH--

--THINK OF HIM--THINK OF MATT MURDOCK--

--MATT--THEY ALMOST GOT MARRIED ONCE BEFORE SHE WENT FOR THE MOVIES--BEFORE SHE LEFT HIM TO BECOME A STAR--

--AND THE MOVIES GOT WORSE AND WORSE AND PIECE BY PIECE KAREN PAGE SOLD HER SOUL--

--THE LAST PIECE SHE SOLD FOR A SHOT OF HEROIN--A LOUSY FIX FOR THE LOUSY JUNKIE SHE'D BECOME--

--THE LAST PIECE OF HER--MATT--SHE SOLD MATT OUT--TOLD A PUSHER THAT MATT IS DAREDEVIL--

--AND THE PUSHER SOLD THAT TO MATT'S ENEMIES--AND THEY TOOK MATT'S HOME AND CAREER AND EVERYTHING--

--NO--NOT EVERYTHING--

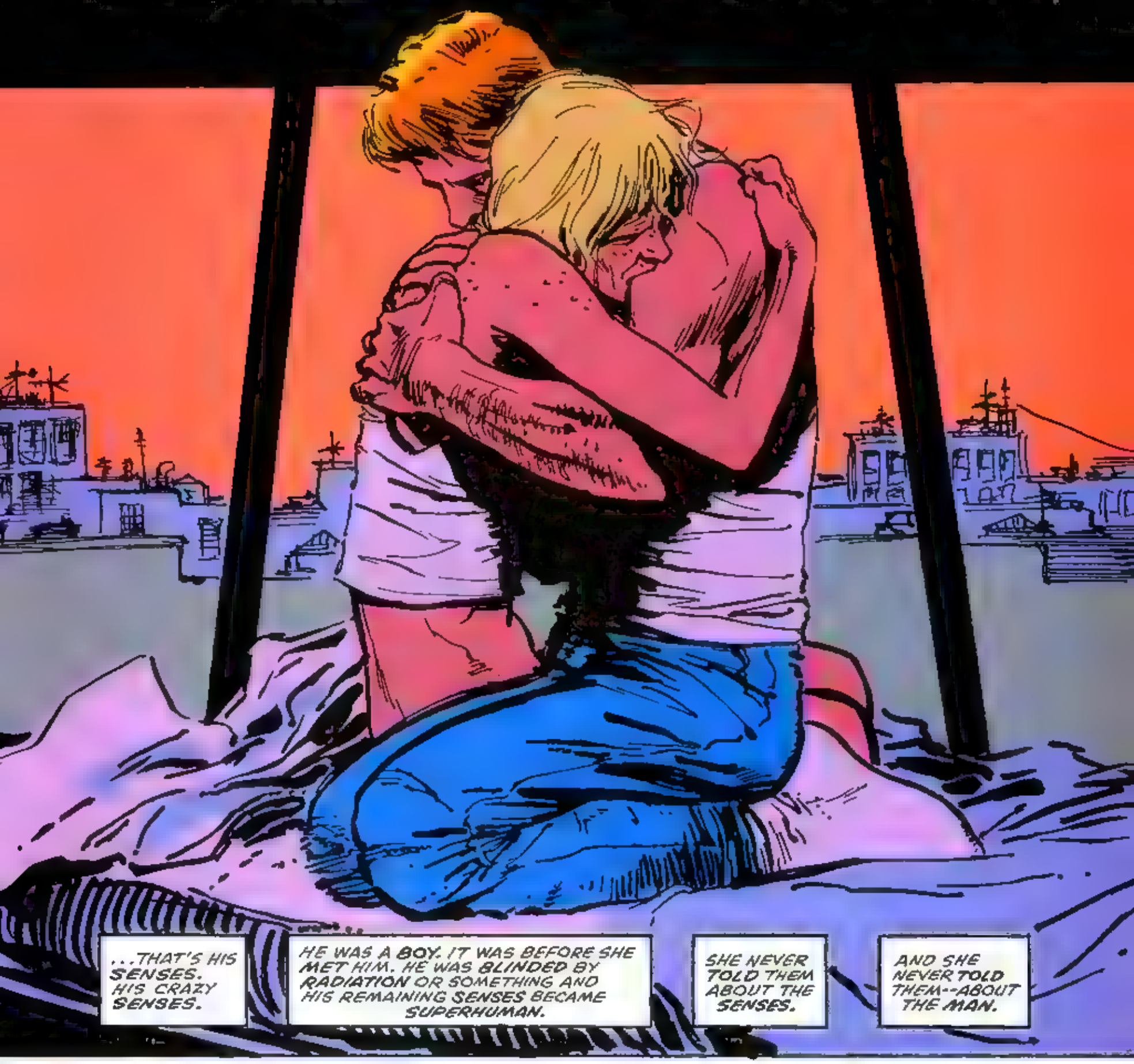
--"NOTHING," HE'D SAID, MATT DID, WHEN SHE TOLD HIM WHAT SHE'D DONE--

--"I'VE LOST NOTHING," MATT SAID, AND LAUGHED LIKE A BOY--

--AND KAREN DIDN'T UNDERSTAND--AND MATT KISSED HER--

--AND HELD HER...

...AND KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT TO SAY AND WHEN TO MAKE HER EAT AND HOW TO TOUCH THE MUSCLES IN HER BACK TO MAKE HER SLEEP...



...THAT'S HIS SENSES. HIS CRAZY SENSES.

HE WAS A BOY. IT WAS BEFORE SHE MET HIM. HE WAS BLINDED BY RADIATION OR SOMETHING AND HIS REMAINING SENSES BECAME SUPERHUMAN.

SHE NEVER TOLD THEM ABOUT THE SENSES.

AND SHE NEVER TOLD THEM--ABOUT THE MAN.

STAN LEE presents

GOD AND COUNTRY

by FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI

MAX SCHEELE
COLORS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

J M SHOOTER
EDITOR N CHIEF

From the length of my ENTOURAGE, you'd think I'm a [illegible] TART or a [illegible]

I'm NOT THIS MY name is [illegible] I'm a REPORTER

These days, I'm a reporter in the HOT SEAT--investigating the city's top CRIMINAL--the KINGPIN--and trying to stay ALIVE all the while

Staying ALIVE involves finding the Kingpin's ENEMY--and my FRIEND. A man named MATT MURDOCK who has a lot of SECRETS and seems to have grown MORE.

Like [illegible]

YOU'VE BEEN CLOSE TO MURDOCK SINCE COLLEGE, HAVEN'T YOU, MR. NELSON?

CLOSE AS ANYBODY I GUESS.

LOOK, I'LL ONLY TALK IF IT'S GOING TO HELP MATT, MR. URICH. I MEAN, SUPPOSE HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE FOUND...

YOU THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA FOR A BLIND MAN TO WANDER OFF ALONE?

NO BUT

But MATT is no ORDINARY blind man! I know that, NELSON. DO YOU?

OKAY, MR. URICH. I'LL TRUST YOU. MATT ALWAYS SPOKE WELL OF YOU AND THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

ALL OF THOSE CHARGES AGAINST [illegible] ARE FALSE AND YOU CAN BET I'LL HAVE HIS APPEAL READY JUST AS SOON AS THIS WHOLE MESS GETS UNTANGLED BUT [illegible] WELL

...WELL, EVER SINCE OUR LAW FIRM WENT UNDER --AND EVEN BEFORE MATT'S BEEN...

...WELL, I SPOKE WITH HIM--I MEAN, HE *PHONED* ME, AFTER HIS *HOUSE* BLEW UP, AND... HE SOUNDED VERY *CONFUSED*...

HE SOUNDED *CRAZY*, MR. NELSON. I'VE SPOKEN WITH HIM *MYSELF*.

I WOULDN'T GO SO FAR AS TO SAY *THAT*. MATT'S ALWAYS BEEN KIND OF *HIGH STRUNG*. I MEAN, YOU JUST CAN'T ALWAYS *WORRY*...

...I'M SURE HE'LL BE ...LOOK, LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT I'VE GOT WORKED UP FOR THE *APPEAL*.

OF COURSE, THERE'S STILL A LOT OF *EVIDENCE* TO-- *WHOOPS*--

DARN IT-- I'M SUCH A--

WHERE DID YOU GET THESE *PHOTOS*?

GLORI...UM ...GLORIANNA O'BREEN... SHE'S--

MATT'S GIRLFRIEND? HE NEVER *TOLD* ME, BUT THEN, HE WOULDN'T *KNOW*...

WILL YOU BE *SEEING* HER ANY TIME SOON?

YEAH, YEAH. I...UM...I'LL BE SEEING HER *TONIGHT*...

ASK HER TO CALL ME. PLEASE.

IT'S NOT LIKE SHE'S SOME FINE ART **GALLERY FLIRT** LOOKING TO COURT THE **WINE** AND **CHEESE** CROWD AND TALK ABOUT HER **CHILDHOOD** AS IF IT WERE WORTH THE **TELLING.**

SHE'S JUST GOT **EYES,** IS ALL, AND THINGS KEEP LEAPING **OUT** AT HER.

LIKE THAT **MAN** THERE SO **BIG** AND **TOUGH** AND JUST THE SAME HOLDING ONTO THAT **JACKHAMMER** FOR DEAR LIFE --

--JUST LEAPED OUT AND **BEGGED** TO BE TAKEN.

IT'S ALMOST **ROBBERY,** THINKS GLORIANNA O'BREEN.

GIVE ME A **BLUE.**

UM... **EXCUSE** ME, SIR--ABOUT THAT **BEER** YOU ORDERED --

--WE DON'T **HAVE** THE BRAND YOU **ASKED** FOR-- IT ISN'T **MADE** ANYMORE-- SO WE **SUBSTITUTED** --

AAAA--

THIS BRAND-- WHERE WAS IT **BREWED?**

M--MILWAUKEE.

DON'T **WORRY,** BOY, IT'S **AMERICAN.**

ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT.

TROUBLE, MR. FISK. IT'S YOUR GIRL LOIS.

SINCE SHE WAS APPREHENDED TRYING TO MURDER BEN URICH'S WIFE--SHE'S BEEN TALKING. ABOUT YOU.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HAS AGREED TO REDUCED CHARGES IN EXCHANGE FOR HER TURNING STATE'S EVIDENCE.

I'M AFRAID THAT'S NOT ALL. EVER SINCE URICH GOT ON YOUR CASE, HE'S BEEN COZY WITH THE D.A.--

--AND NOW HE'S LANDED AN INTERVIEW WITH LOIS.

COMMISSIONER...YOU WILL SEE TO IT THAT OFFICER COOGAN IS ON DUTY AT THE TIME OF THE INTERVIEW.

THAT IS ALL.

MR. FISK--ABOUT THOSE PICTURES...

EMBARRASSING, AREN'T THEY, COMMISSIONER? SUCH AN ORDINARY COCKTAIL WAITRESS. YOUR WIFE WOULD BE INSULTED.

YOU NEED NOT WORRY, MY FRIEND. I WILL KEEP THE PHOTOS SAFE.

QUITE SAFE.

AW, GLORI, I WAS COUNTING ON TONIGHT...WHAT? A NEW JOB?...

THE DAILY BUGLE. NO KIDDING. I GUESS URICH WAS SERIOUS. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE...

...NO, HONEY. I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING BY THAT...

...IT'S JUST THAT YOUR PHOTOGRAPHY NEVER... I MEAN, YOU NEVER TALKED ABOUT IT...NO, NO--MORE LIKE A HOBBY...

...YES, I GUESS I DO KNOW NOW... OF COURSE I'M HAPPY FOR YOU, HONEY...

...WELL, I JUST WANTED TO TALK TO YOU...IT'S THIS JOB. IT...

...OH, FOR CORPORATE WORK IT'S OKAY...AND THE PAY IS GREAT... BUT...

...BUT SOME OF THE WORK THEY DO HERE...I'M NOT SURE IT'S LEGITIMATE...

HE'D BEEN UP ALL NIGHT WITH HER.

IT WAS EARLY IN THE MORNING AND HE BOUGHT A RAZOR AND WAS SHAVING. HE WAS ABOUT TO GO TO WORK--

--HE ACTUALLY LIKES THAT JOB HE FOUND--

--WHEN KAREN FELL ASLEEP.

SHE WOKE ALONE BUT THAT'S OKAY, NOW. THE WORST IS OVER. FOR ME IT'S OVER, SHE THINKS--

--BUT MATT--WHAT'S HE GOING THROUGH?

AND WHAT'S HE WAITING FOR?

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HE KEEPS TOUCHING THE COSTUME AND PACING AND FROWNING LIKE A LITTLE KID WHO HAS TO STAY AFTER CLASS. WHY DOESN'T HE JUST PUT THE THING ON AND DANCE ACROSS THE BUILDINGS--HE'S LIKE A GOD WHEN HE DOES THAT--HE'S ACHING FOR IT...

WE'VE BOTH CHANGED, MATT. I USED TO WORRY WHEN YOU DID PUT IT ON. BUT NOW...

...YOU'RE WARM AND SWEET AND STRONG BUT THERE'S SOMETHING...SOMETHING NEW...

...SOMETHING COLD AND HARD. SOMETHING WAITING.

SOMETHING FRIGHTENING.

HE'S STILL MATT, SHE THINKS, AND SLEEPS.

It's the city JAIL. They call it the TOMBS. They have their REASONS.

SAVE YOUR *FILM*, GLORI. *LOCATION* SHOTS YOU CAN SELL TO *TOURISTS*. GET THE *PEOPLE*--AND GET THE *ACTION*. THAT'S WHAT *STORIES* ARE MADE OF.

YOU'VE EXPLAINED IT WELL *ENOUGH*, MR. URICH.

SHOULDN'T GET *TESTY* WITH URICH, GLOR-- *JAMESON* MADE HIM *RESPONSIBLE* FOR YOU AND *URICH* HE'S A REAL *LONER*. DOESN'T EVEN LIKE HAVING THE *COP* ALONG.

KLIK

DRIVES HIM *CRAZY* HAVING *ME*. BUT *JAMESON* SAID HE NEEDS AN *ASSOCIATE* AND I GOT *JUST* THE RIGHT *FRIENDS*

SHUT UP, BLANDERS.

I'M NO LONER, GLORI...

YOU'RE CLOSE TO *LOSING* THAT *ARM*.

BEN URICH. DAILY BUGLE

HEGERFORS

COOGAN

KLIK

URICH.

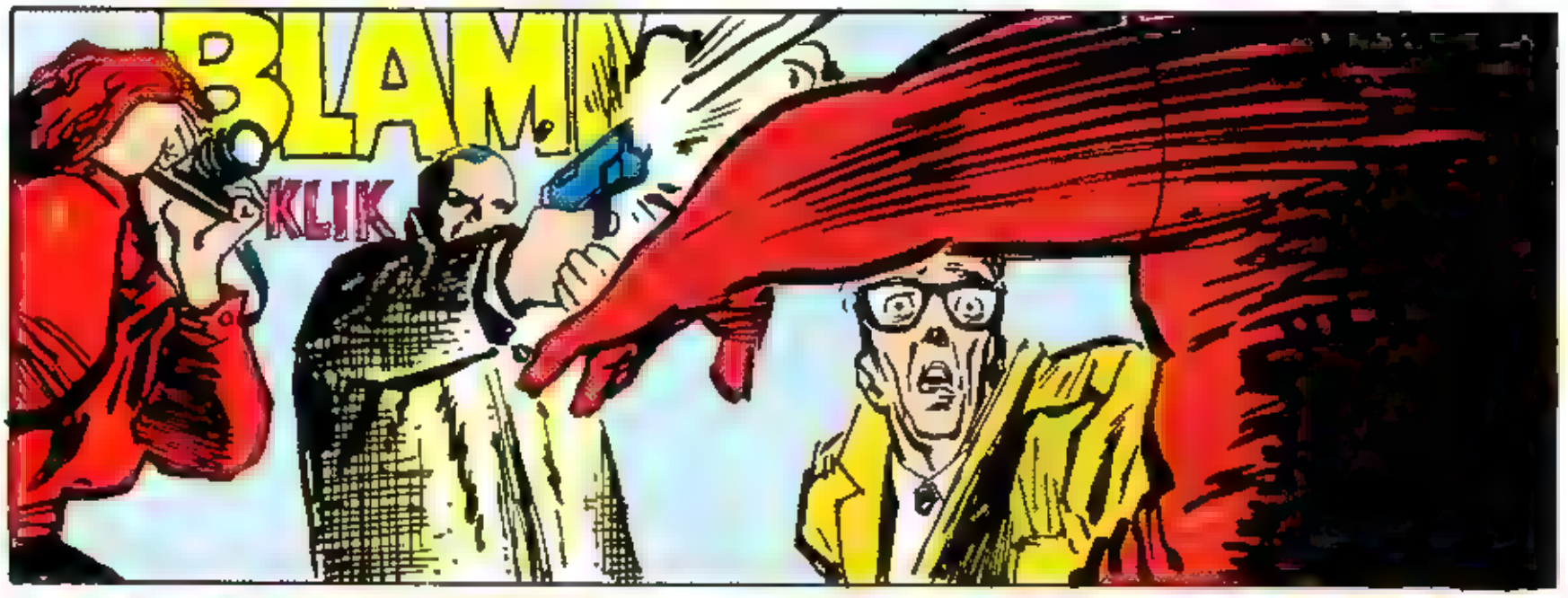
LOIS. .

klak klik

DON'T HAVE TO *LOCK* IT, COOGAN. THERE'S *PLENTY* OF US...

COOGAN --WHAT ARE YOU--

WH--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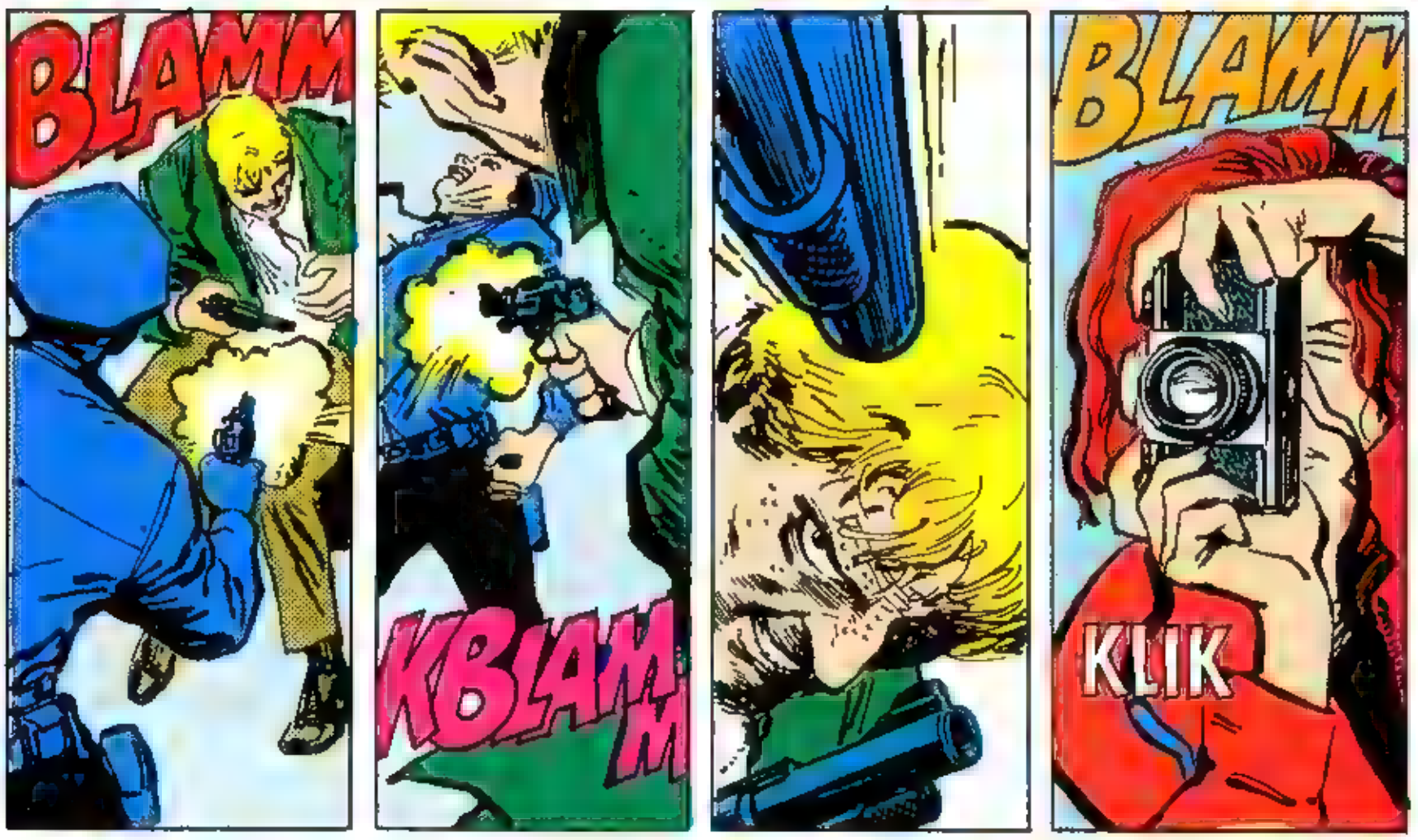
KLIK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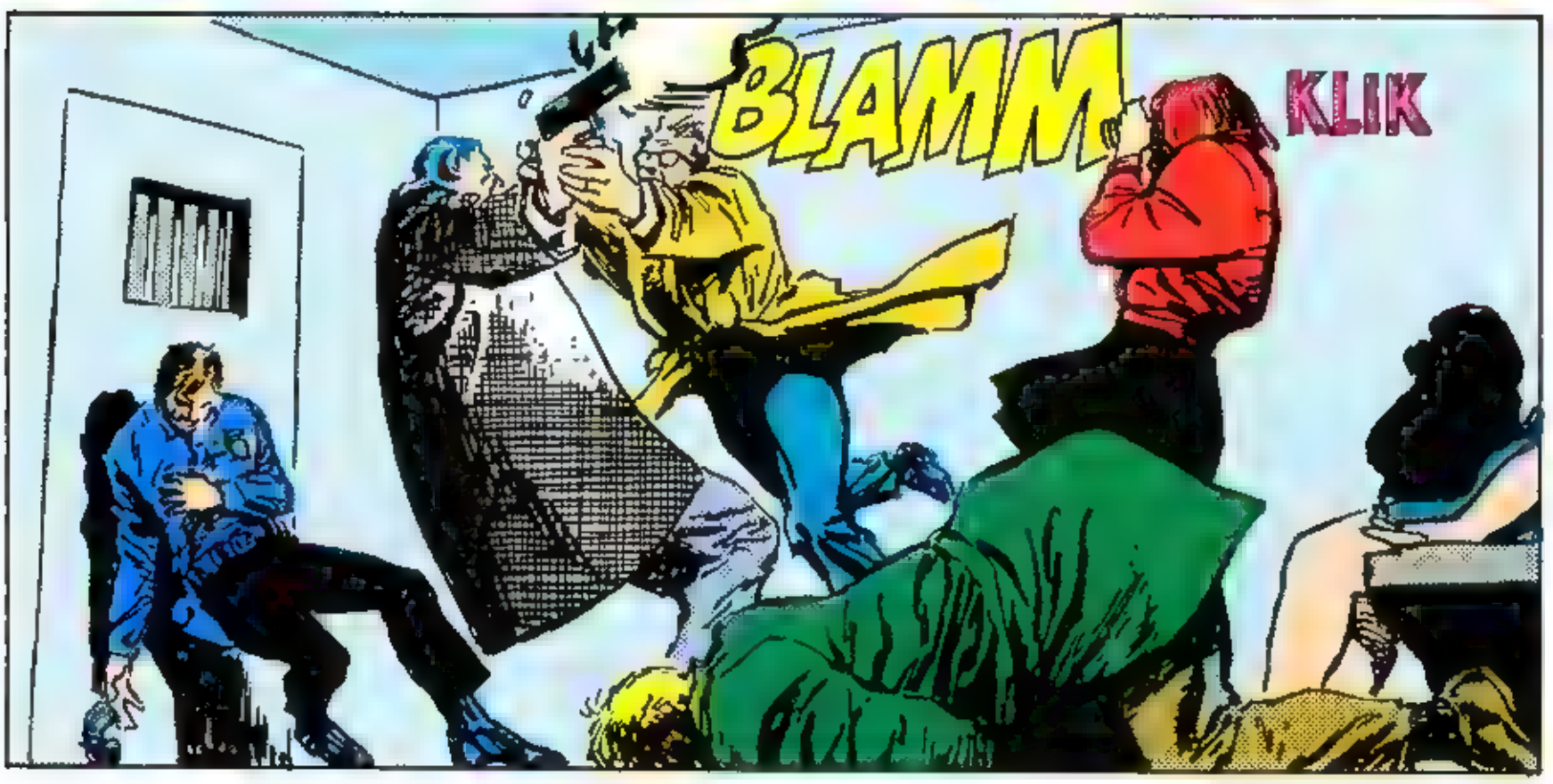
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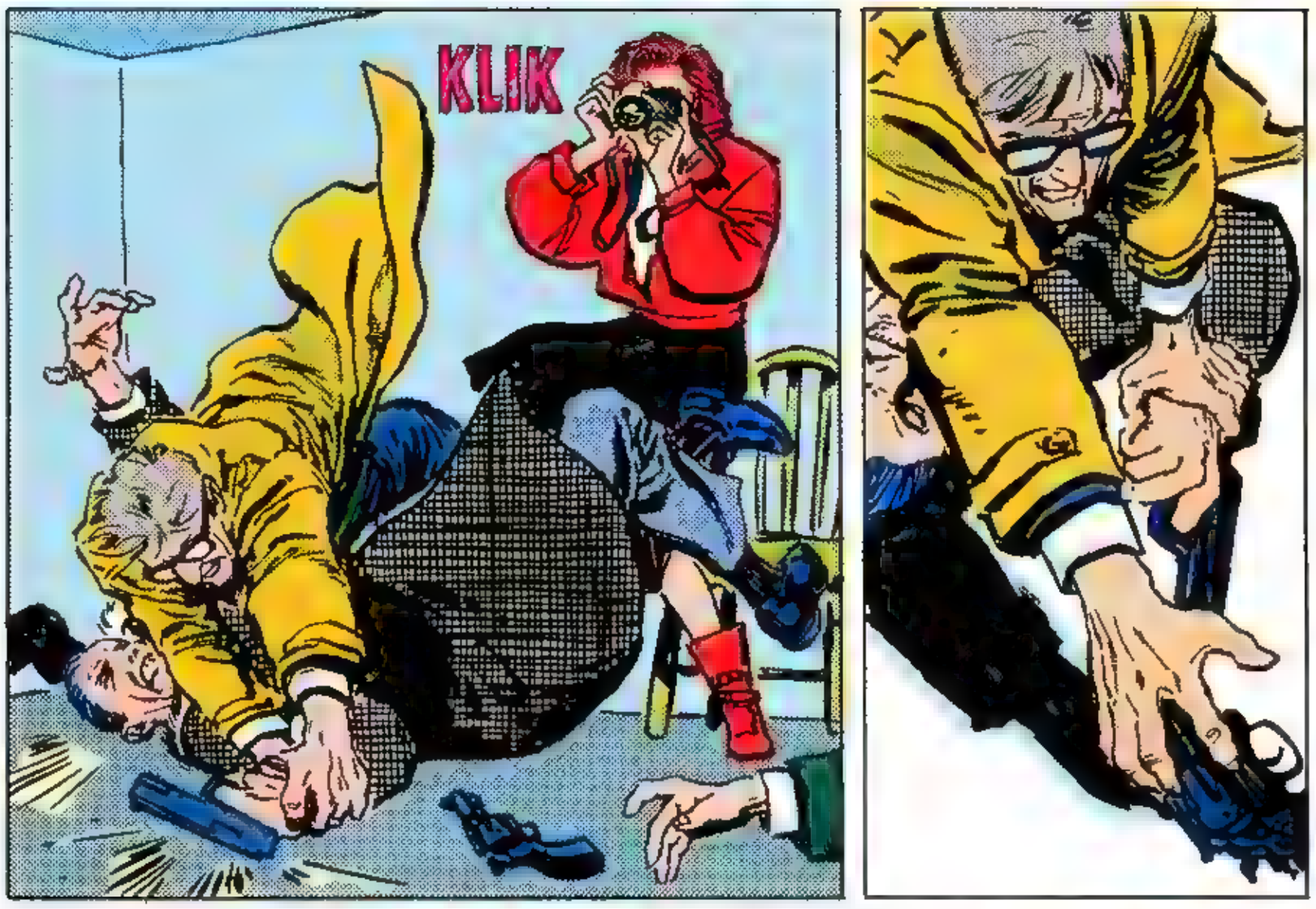
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WHMPP
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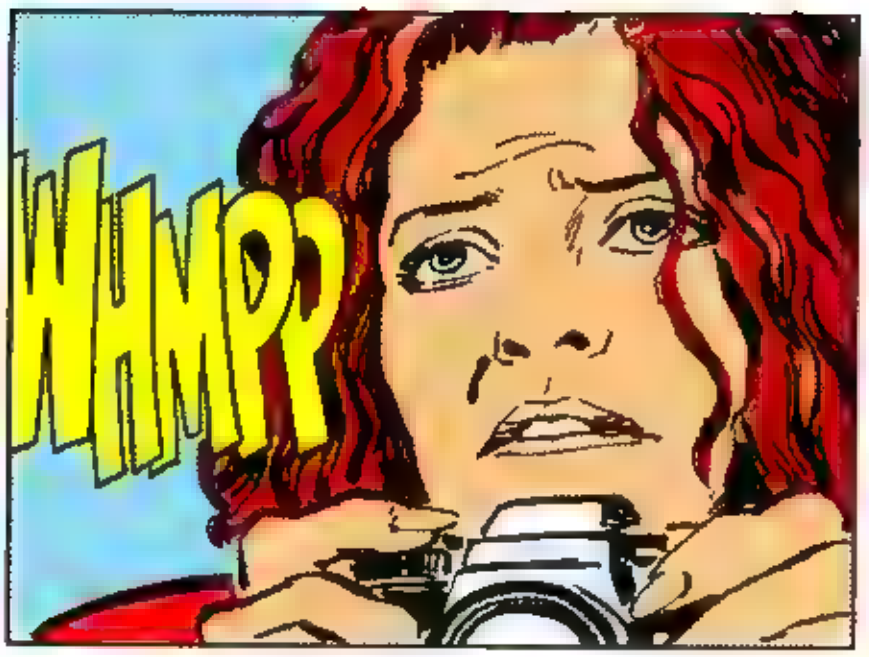
WHMPP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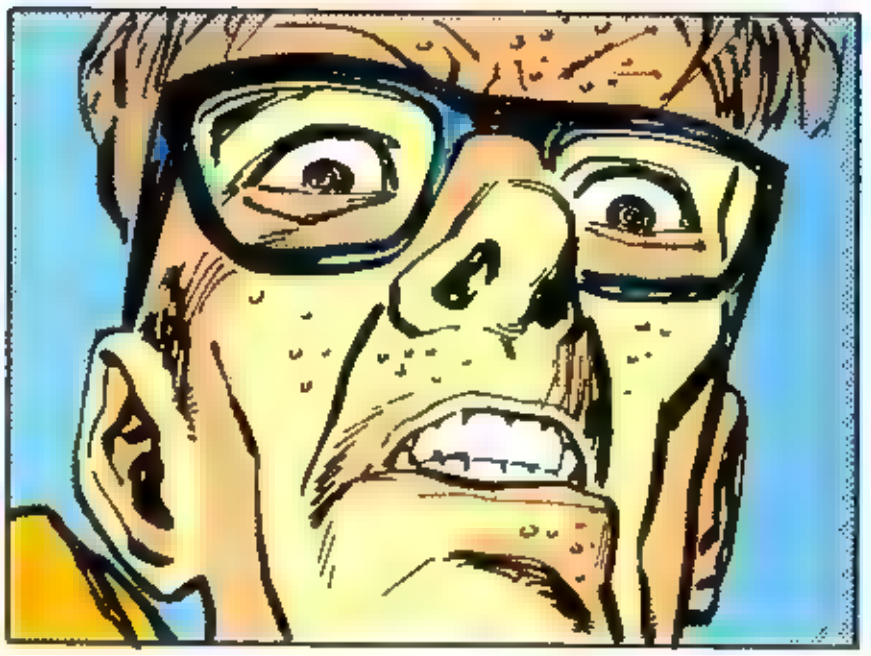
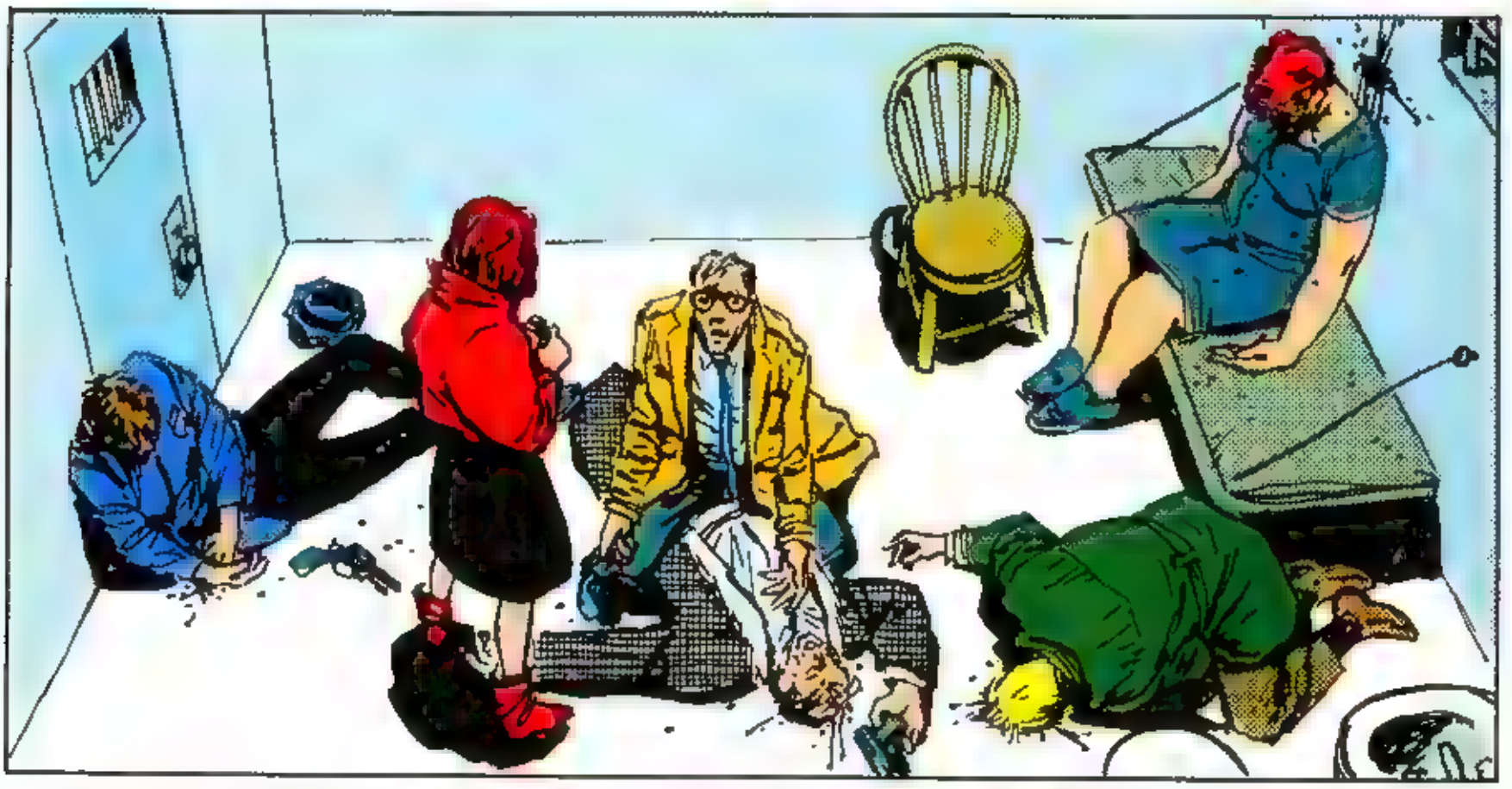




YOUR PREDECESSOR--THE FIRST SUPER SOLDIER--FACED SIMPLER TIMES THAN OURS, MY FRIEND... AND SIMPLER WARS. SO MUCH HAS CHANGED.
SO MUCH... WE WHO LOVE AMERICA ARE NOW SURROUNDED --BY LYING ASSASSINS AND SOFT-HEARTED FOOLS.
WE PATRIOTS-- THEY LAUGH AT US, MY SON...

...I AM SORRY. YOU REMIND ME SO OF MY OWN SON-- A FINE BOY HE IS, A VETERAN...
... I SHALL BE HONEST WITH YOU. THERE ARE MANY WHO OPPOSE ME.

I AM UNDER CONSTANT SCR BY THE POLICE. I AM, IN TH STRICTEST DEFINITION OF LAW, A CRIMINAL.
I KNOW T STARTLES Y BUT, AS I SAI SO MUCH HAS CH AMERICA'S ENEM HAVE GROWN SO S, THAT OUR BOYS IN ASIAN JUNG
--AND C PEOPLE W NOT HON THEM.

OUR BOYS...

...AND IT *TORTURES* ME THAT THE NOBLE CONCEPT OF *FREE ENTERPRISE*-- THE CROWNING *TRIUMPH* OF OUR FOREFATHERS-- HAS BEEN *MURDERED* BY ENDLESS, CORROSIVE *LEGISLATION*.

TO SIMPLY KEEP SOME *SHADOW* OF THAT DREAM *ALIVE*, I MUST... MUST *BREAK* THE LAW...

...EXCUSE ME...I...

STILL, WE ARE NOT *ALONE*, NUKE. THERE ARE *OTHERS* WHO BELIEVE-- ENOUGH, BARELY ENOUGH OF US, TO KEEP THE *HOPE* ALIVE.

WE WHO...*DECIDE* SUCH THINGS HAVE FORMED A PROUD *TRINITY*--OF *STATE*--AND *MILITARY*--AND *BUSINESS*. WE MUST HAVE *UNITY*--AGAINST THE *MADNESS* THAT SURROUNDS US--AGAINST THE *INFECTION* OF THE AMERICAN *SPIRIT*.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO SAY THAT *UNITY* IS *CONSPIRACY*--THAT *AMERICA* IS *EVIL*--

I KNOW WHAT THEY SAY. I KNOW WHAT THEY SAY.

--AND NOW A SINGLE *MAN* THREATENS TO *DESTROY* WHAT WE HAVE BUILT. HE MOVES *AGAINST* ME--CALLS ME A *VILLAIN*.

I AM *NOT* A VILLAIN, MY SON. I AM A *CORPORATION*--IN THE *CONGLOMERATE* THAT IS *AMERICA*. BUT HIS ALLIES IN THE *PRESS*--

THE *PRESS*...

WHERE IS HE?

HELL'S KITCHEN.

HELL'S KITCHEN IS ACHING MUSCLES AND GROWLING STOMACHS -- CHILDREN'S FEET ON BROKEN GLASS -- HOPELESS LAUGHTER, ECHOING ACROSS AN EMPTY LOT.

HELL'S KITCHEN IS WHERE I WAS BORN -- AND BORN AGAIN.

THE BURGERS SIZZLE AND SNAP, THE BACON POPS ON THE GRIDDLE, NEARLY READY. THE EGGS -- THEY'RE THE BEST PART --

--OVER EASY-- HOT SECONDS TO GET THEM JUST SOLID ENOUGH-- THEN FLIP THEM -- NEATLY, QUICKLY--

--THEN GET THEM OFF WHILE THE YOLK IS STILL QUIVERING, BARELY CONTAINED...

...ANOTHER DAY PASSES. ANOTHER DAY OF WAITING.

QUITTING TIME, RED. SEE YOU IN THE MORNING.

GIVE THE BURGERS ABOUT TEN MORE SECONDS AND THEY'LL BE PERFECT.

GOOD CROWD TONIGHT--

--THAT COUGH--

--BEN...

...HE SOUNDS LIKE HE'S IN SHOCK...

...I COME HERE TO WRITE. FOOD'S TERRIBLE SO NOBODY'S EVER HERE.

LOOKS PRETTY CROWDED TO ME.

YOU LOOK THIN, RED. TAKE THIS HOME. YOU NEVER HAD SUCH COBBLER.

TERRIBLE NEIGHBORHOOD...

HELL'S KITCHEN. RIGHT LOUSY NEIGHBORHOOD, DANGEROUS. BUT MATT WAS BORN HERE AND I--

--DID I-- DID I REALLY KILL THAT MAN --

YOU SAVED OUR LIVES, BEN.

BEST BURGER I EVER HAD...

CAN'T HELP YOU YET BEN. CAN'T BE SEEN WITH ANYONE, UNTIL--

--THAT SOUND..

...CHECKED MATT'S MEDICAL RECORDS AND FOUND SOMETHING FUNNY. IT'S ABOUT HIS MOTHER --MATT ALWAYS SAID SHE DIED GIVING BIRTH TO HIM, BUT...

...BLANDERS. I REALLY KILLED HIM...

Diner

...THAT'S NO POLICE HELICOPTER...

THE CLUE WAS SLIM INDEED --THE WORDS OF A THIRD-RATE THUG WHO CLAIMS HE HAD THE PLEASURE OF STABBING MURDOCK SOME DAYS PAST.

IT WOULD BE A LOGICAL HIDING PLACE. IT HOLDS MANY OF THE LOST AND NAMELESS. IT WAS HIS HOME, AS A BOY.

YES. MURDOCK WILL REVEAL HIMSELF-- WHEN HELL'S KITCHEN BURNS.

SKIP THE NAPALM, BOY. THOSE ARE AMERICANS. JUST MESS THINGS UP. LITTLE PROPERTY DAMAGE CAN GO A LONG WAY.

WE'RE BRINGING YOU IN LOW...

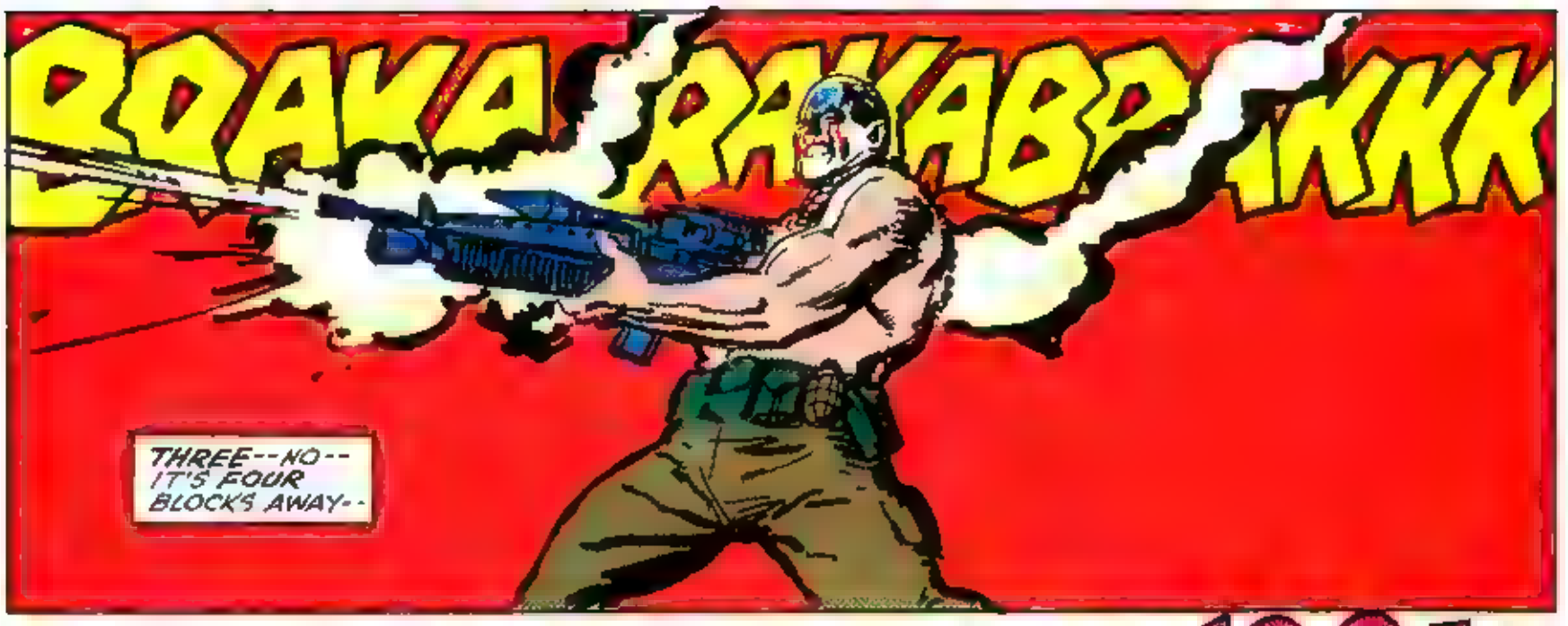
LOW, TOO NEAR THE STREET-- THE MOTOR, ROARING--

--DUST AND DIRT AND BLOWING GARBAGE--

--COUGHING--STARTLED GASPS--AN ANGRY SHOUT--

--SOMETHING NUMAN--HISSES--

OUR BOYS--

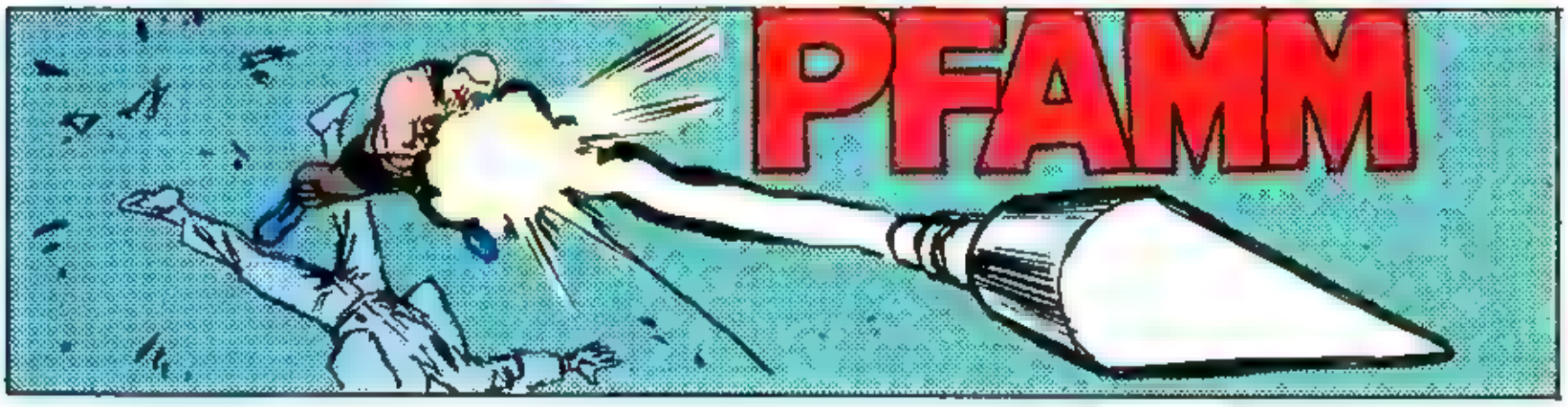

BOOM KA-KA-KA-KKK
THREE--NO--IT'S FOUR BLOCKS AWAY--

--BULLETS CUT THROUGH FLESH AND BONE--
--A WOMAN HOLDS HER BABY CLOSE AND HEARS HIM GURGLE--
--A LUNG COLLAPSES--
--THREE BLOCKS NOW--A MAN CHOKES OUT HALF A NAME AND DIES--

PFAMM
--FROM THE GUN--A ROCKET--

WHOOM
--A WINO CRIES TO GOD--

GET YOUR CAMERA.


PFAMM

--ANOTHER ROCKET-- HEADED FOR--

--KAREN...

WHOOM

MOVING UP, BOY-- GOT COMPANY--

ONE MORE--

PFAMM

MATT -- AM I DYING?

NO, NO, HONEY.

EVERYTHING IMPORTANT IN YOU--IS SAFE.

SAFE. I KEPT IT SAFE FOR YOU, MATT

I THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO BE A LOT MORE PATIENT THAN THIS, KINGPIN.

I THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO WAIT FOR WEEKS--

--FOR YOU TO GET SLOPPY-- LIKE YOU DID WITH MY HOUSE.

KPWEE KPWEEEE KPWEE

ENEMY FIRE.

A CHOPPER.

KRUMM

PFAMM

THE PILOT SCREAMS AN ALERT--THE GUNNER GOES TO HIS DEATH WITH A CURSE--

--TWO LOVERS SLEEP QUIETLY--

--THE SCREAMING STARTS

FROM EVERYWHERE.

HE PASSES CLOSE--

THWAKK

SPAKK

FAPP

GIVE ME A RED.

NEXT: ARMAGEDDON

STAN LEE PRESENTS
ARMAGEDDON
by
FRANK MILLER & DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI
MAX SCHEELE COLORS
RALPH MACCHIO EDITOR
JOE ROSEN LETTERS
JIM SHOOTER ED.-IN-CHIEF
THIS ISSUE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO JACK KIRBY

HELL'S KITCHEN SCREAMS.

A BUILDING FACADE BECOMES A BONE-CRUSHING AVALANCHE-- NAPALM SPLATTERS FROM ROOF TO CROWDED STREET--A CAR EXPLODES--

--GLASS SPLINTERS SHARP AS RAZORS-- SLICES THROUGH THE AIR--AND THROUGH FLESH--

--SIRENS WAIL LIKE SPOILED CHILDREN--

--CHILDREN-- DON'T THINK ABOUT THE CHILDREN-- DON'T LISTEN TO THEM--

--THE GUN--THAT LUNATIC'S GUN--

LISTEN TO IT-- FIRING BULLETS NOW--

--LISTEN TO HIM--

WE'RE PULLING OUT, BOY. OUR TARGET'S VANISHED.

WON'T LET YOU DOWN, COLONEL--

--I'LL FIND HIM--

NO, NUKE-- MISSION ABORTED--

--WON'T LET YOU DOWN--

--WON'T LET OUR BOYS DOWN--

HIS HEART'S STRONG--BUT TOO FAST-- GOT TO BE AMPHETAMINES--

--I'LL BE LUCKY IF THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO HIM...

BOSS--IT'S GETTING OUT OF HAND--IT'S ALL OVER THE NEWS--

--YOU'VE GOT TO STOP IT--

THERE, DID YOU FEEL THAT--

--EVEN HERE--TWENTY BLOCKS DISTANT--THE EARTH TREMBLES...

SKREKK

BRA KK

--NO--HE'S TOO QUICK--

--NO--EVERY TIME HE FIRES THAT THING--

--ACROSS THE STREET AN OLD WOMAN CRUMPLES BY HER WINDOW WITH WOUNDS THAT WILL NEVER HEAL--

THWOKK

--EVERY TIME HE FIRES PEOPLE DIE--

--IT'S GOT TO BE HAND TO--

--TOO FAST--

WHKKK

--AND HE'S GOT BACK-UP--THAT HELICOPTER...

BRAKA

--STAY CLOSE TO HIM--ONLY CHANCE--

SPAKASPAKA

--DON'T GIVE HIM A SECOND--

--NERVE CENTER --FEEL IT HUM LIKE A FUSE BOX--SHORT CIRCUIT THE--

--NO GOOD--

KLUB

THIS IS *SLAUGHTER*, BOSS --THIS IS *MASS MURDER*--

THIS IS *WAR*. I HAVE DONE NO MORE THAN *TRANSPORT* IT--FROM A SOUTH AMERICAN *JUNGLE*--

--TO *MANHATTAN*-- TO *HELL'S KITCHEN*--

--DOESN'T *FEEL* PAIN--

--DON'T *GO* FOR PAIN--

--GO FOR *EYES*--

THWOKK

--DOESN'T MATTER-- HE'S BLIND AS I AM--

--TOO MANY *VICTIMS*-- MAKE HIM *DROP* IT--

--MUSCLES CAN'T WORK IF THEY'RE *SEVERED*--

--NO--ALMOST BROKE MY FINGERS--

BOSS... IF THIS GETS PINNED ON *US*...

YOU *FORGET* THAT *NUKE* IS A *GOVERNMENT AGENT*, WESLEY. DO YOU THINK THE *ARMY* WANTS IT *KNOWN* THAT THEY *LOANED* HIS SERVICES TO THE *CRIME-LORD* OF *NEW YORK CITY*?

WE MAY *DEPEND* ON OUR DULY ELECTED *OFFICIALS* TO PROTECT US.

--BLIND AS I AM--BUT HE DOESN'T HAVE--HEIGHTENED **SENSES**--

--BUILT-IN **RADAR**-- TELLS ME--

--WHERE EVERYTHING IS--**BETTER** THAN EYES--

--**FORGET** NERVES-- SO **MANY** VICTIMS--

--**FORGET** NERVES--

--BREAK THE **BONE**--

CHAKK

SNAKK

--NOT--THAT'S NOT **BONE**--

--NO MORE-- STOP BEING CLEVER--

--NO MORE--

WHUKK

My name is BEN URICH I'm a REPORTER.

THERE--OVER THERE--

I GOT IT--

KLIK

HELL'S KITCHEN is under ATTACK by a one man ARMY. MATT MURDOCK is trying to negotiate a CEASE FIRE.

Unilaterally.

SSZZZATT

CRAZY IT'S CRAZY--

MARY--

--HELP ME I CAN'T BREATHE--

MY LEG MY LEG MY LEG--

ALL UNITS--

END OF THE WORLD IT S--

--WATCH IT GLORI WATCH IT-- GLORI--

--GLORI-- GET OUT OF THE WAY--

KLIK

I GOT IT--

SKKREKKK

KLIK

--CAN'T BREATHE--

--GLORI YOU IDIOT--

PFAM

I shouldn't call him MATT.

WHOOM

Give the man his DUE. He's wearing the TIGHTS.

He's DAREDEVIL. The man without FEAR.

Fear of BULLETS-- or ROCKETS--

--or FIRE--

KKRUMPP

--THE *FIRE*, GLORI-- WHEN IT HITS THE *GAS TANK*--

--COME ON--

KLIK

AAAA

BEN!

OUR-- *BOYS*--

GET IT *OFF* ME-- GET IT *OFF* ME--

BEN-- STOP *THRASHING*--

SKKRAK

COMING FOR YOU, BOY--

BRAKA BRAKA

BRAKA BRAKA BRAK

OHHHH--

--GET IT OFF ME--

NO MORE.

PFAMM

FORGIVE ME.

Out of NOWHERE they appear.

THIS ONE'S BEEN *SHOT.*

MEDIC! OVER *HERE,* MAN!

PUT THOSE *FIRES* OUT. WE DON'T WANT A *GAS MAIN* GOING UP.

A SOLDIER with a VOICE that could command a GOD--

--and DOES.

Suddenly it's RAINING so hard it HURTS.

Everybody who CAN falls SILENT.

Except MATT.

--THE *KINGPIN HE* SENT YOU. *SAY* IT.

GIVE ME A *WHITE*-- GIVE ME A *WHITE*--

DAREDEVIL--

-- THAT MAN IS *OURS.* ON *FEDERAL* AUTHORITY.

STAND *BACK.*

YOU HAVE *FIVE SECONDS.*

There's a soft HUM as computer CIRCUITRY generates enough POWER to level a BUILDING--and HOLDS it, waiting.

Not being STUPID, Matt backs AWAY

GIVE ME-- A *WHITE*--

It's a LONG night

It's a HORRIBLE night

SHEER *LUNACY*, KINGPIN! SHEER *LUNACY.*

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE *DEAD*--IF THE *SYNDICATE* GETS FINGERED FOR IT WE'LL BE IN COURT FOR *MONTHS*--

PLEASE MR GLAZER

...DO NOT REFER TO OUR ORGANIZATION AS A *SYNDICATE.* IT *DATES* YOU.

DATES ME. RIGHT SURE. IN THE *OLD* DAYS WE MIGHT GO FOR A *FAMILY*--BUT WE NEVER FLATTENED AN ENTIRE *NEIGHBORHOOD.*

HAVE YOU ANY *IDEA* WHAT YOUR *VENDETTA* HAS *COST* US TONIGHT IN LOST *DRUG TRADE?*

VERY *LITTLE*-- AS COMPARED TO THE LOST *REAL ESTATE*. BUT PLEASE-- GO *ON* MR. GLAZER

YOU *BET* I'LL GO ON FAT MAN I'LL SAY WHAT *EVERYBODY* HERE IS THINKING, YOU'RE SCREWING *UP*.

YOU'VE ENDANGERED *ALL* OF US--AND COST US *MILLIONS*-- JUST TO HARASS THAT BLIND *SHYSTER*--

GLAZER-- YOU D BETTER EASE *UP*...

MR. GLAZER IS ENTITLED TO HIS *OPINION*, MR. ORNSTEIN.

ALLOW ME TO *INTERJECT*, HOWEVER, THAT *MURDOCK* IS NO LONGER AN *ATTORNEY*.

CRAZY, KINGPIN. YOU'VE BEEN *CRAZY*--EVER SINCE YOU LOST YOUR *WIFE*--

...LOOK I... GUESS I'VE BEEN HITTING THE *BOTTLE* A L.TTLE TOO... I DIDN'T MEAN TO...

...I MEAN HELL'S KITCHEN, YOU KNOW... I'VE PUT A LOT OF *YEARS* INTO IT, AND...

YES, MR. GLAZER.

I UNDER-STAND.

HHKKK

GGG--KRAKK

WE *ALL* UNDER-STAND EACH OTHER, NOW--

--*DON'T* WE, GENTLEMEN?

DAWN BREAKS, MERCIFULLY.

EXCUSE ME -- SORRY--

FOGGY. HE WAS MY PARTNER IN AN-OTHER LIFE.

GOOD THING HE DIDN'T NOTICE ME

GLORI--

OH, GLORI...

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN...

CAN'T YOU *GIVE* ME SOMETHING FOR THIS--

HURTS JUST KEEPS *HURTING*--

YOU'RE FROM *IRELAND*? I HAVEN'T *SEEN* IT SINCE I WAS A *CHILD*.

OH, *HONEY*-- I WAS SO *SCARED*...

I THINK WE *ALL* SAW IT LAST *NIGHT*, SISTER. THE *BAD* PART, ANYWAY.

DON'T *MOVE* ME JUST GIVE ME SOMETHING *FOR* IT--

FOGGY! YOU *CAME*!

YOU NEED TO *SLEEP*.

I'M ALL RIGHT MAGGIE. REALLY I AM

OF *COURSE* I CAME, GLORI. I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE *OKAY*...YOU ARE *OKAY*?...

BULLET PASSED RIGHT *THROUGH*, FOGGY, THOUGH IT *DID* TAKE A CHUNK OF ME *WITH* IT.

I CAN'T *BELIEVE* THIS *HAPPENED*. *FIRST* THING WE'LL DO IS GET YOU TO A PROPER *HOSPITAL*.

I CAN'T BE *MOVED* JUST YET. FOGGY, I'VE...I'VE GOT A *FAVOR* TO ASK YOU...

GET SOME *SLEEP*, MATT. SOON AS YOU CAN.

I WILL...

SURE, GLORI. WHATEVER...

WELL, I HATE TO ASK, FOGGY--BUT COULD YOU TAKE THIS ROLL OF FILM TO THE DAILY BUGLE--TO BEN URICH?

BY NOW HE'S CLIMBING THE WALLS.

THERE YOU ARE...

GUESS YOU'RE PRETTY SERIOUS ABOUT THIS JOB. I THOUGHT MAYBE--

DON'T EVEN START WITH THAT, FOGGY. I'VE LOST NOTHING THAT WON'T GROW BACK.

AND THE PICTURES I TOOK...

YEAH. WELL..., I'LL BE SEEING YOU, SWEETIE...

SURE, FOGGY. I'LL CALL YOU...

WHAT IS IT, MATT?

I'M IN TROUBLE, KAREN. I HAVE TO GO.

TROUBLE--IF THAT'S WHO I THINK IT IS--

EXCUSE ME--SORRY--

--YES--NO MAN EVER BREATHED LIKE THAT--

--DOWN THE BLOCK--IN THAT ALLEY--

--NO--THERE'S HIS SCENT--HE'S MOVING--THOUGH YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT FROM HIS HEARTBEAT--SO STEADY--

--THERE--RAN PAST ME--RATTLED A GARBAGE CAN--A LITTLE SLOPPY BUT FAST--

--FASTER THAN ME--

--NO GOOD--HE'S GOT IT ALL WORKED OUT--RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER--

--LEAPING--SO EASILY--WINDOW STILL CREAKS WITH HIS WEIGHT--THREE HUNDRED POUNDS, AT LEAST--

--HIS MUSCLES LIE ABOUT IT--LIKE HYDRAULIC PUMPS THEY SWING HIM UP--

--ALL WORKED OUT-- HE TRACKED ME-- SINCE LAST NIGHT--

DAREDEVIL-- I MEAN YOU NO HARM.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

THAT *MAN*-- LAST NIGHT-- WHO IS HE?

YOU DIDN'T *ASK*?

YOUR *EMPLOYERS*, I MEAN.

THEY AREN'T MY EMPLOYERS.

THEY SAID HE'S A *TERRORIST*.

NO *ORDINARY* TERRORIST, IF THAT'S EVEN WHAT HE IS. NO, HE'S TOO *GOOD* AT IT. AND TOO WELL *MADE*.

HIS *SKIN* CONTAINS SEVERAL KINDS OF *PLASTICS*. IT'S VERY *TOUGH*, DOESN'T *BURN* EASILY. HIS *SKELETON*, HIS *MUSCLES* -- THEY'RE ONLY *PARTLY* HUMAN.

SO WHAT'S IT TO *YOU*?

HE WEARS THE *FLAG.*

I HADN'T *NOTICED.*

IT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING TO THEM, THINKS THE SOLDIER. TO THEM, IT'S JUST A PIECE OF CLOTH.

SOMETIMES I FEEL SO WEAK.

Glori's PICTURES make it just under DEADLINE.

Mystery Killer Attacks Hell's Kitchen

Dozens Dead

JAMESON is so happy he springs for two COLORS.

It's a GOOD story.

Makes all the right people look TERRIBLE.

DAILY BUGLE

WILL YOU *CONTAIN* THE STORY, GENERAL? OR MUST I TAKE MEASURES OF MY *OWN?*

YOU CAN COUNT ON MY DEPARTMENT TO RENDER THE SITUATION *STABILIZED*, MR. FISK.

SIR--SIR, YOU CAN'T--

--YOU...UM... YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE...

GENERAL-- WHO IS THIS MAN?

CAPTAIN. CAPTAIN. *PLEASURE* TO SEE YOU. *PLEASURE.*

OH, *THAT* NONSENSE. I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT *CLEARED* FOR THAT, CAPTAIN, BUT IT'S NOTHING TO...

KLIK

...YOU KNOW HOW THESE THINGS...

...I REALLY WISH I *COULD* TELL YOU, CAPTAIN. THEN YOU'D *KNOW* IT'S NOTHING TO...I WISH I *COULD*...

...YOU KNOW THE DEPARTMENT HOLDS YOU IN THE *HIGHEST* REGARD. WE'VE ALWAYS VALUED YOUR *COMMITMENT*-- AND YOUR *LOYALTY*...

I'M LOYAL TO *NOTHING*, GENERAL-- EXCEPT THE *DREAM.*

IT WASN'T MUCH OF A PLACE. JUST A GRIMY DINER IN A GRIMY SECTION OF TOWN.

JUST THIRTY YEARS IN THE LIVES OF BERTHA AND OTTO SCHNAPP.

INSURANCE COMPANY FOUND SOME *EXCUSE* I COULDN'T EVEN *UNDERSTAND* TO KEEP FROM *PAYING* ON THE *POLICY.*

Diner

YOU COULD *SUE* THEM, OTTO.

YOU EVER *SUE* ANYBODY, RED?

ME AND THE *BRIDE*, WE'RE NOT *YOUNG* ANYMORE --AND WE'VE *NEVER* BEEN *RICH.* BEING *RIGHT*, WELL...THAT DOESN'T COUNT FOR *MUCH.* NOT WHEN YOU BRING *LAWYERS* INTO IT.

NO, I GUESS IT DOESN'T...

...WE'RE *BOTH* UNEMPLOYED *NOW*, MATT. WE--

--YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING IN *MIND*. WHAT IS IT?

IT'S *SNEAKY*.

GROUND FLOOR, SIR?

NOT JUST *YET*.

SUB LEVEL *SIX*. THE *VAULT*.

SIR--YOU AREN'T *CLEARED*-- I CAN'T--

YES, CORPORAL.

WHAPP

MANY FLOORS ABOVE...

NO. GIVE ME A *RED*. A *RED*.

SORRY, SON. IT'S *WHITES* AND *BLUES* FOR YOU-- FOR *NOW*, THAT IS.

DON'T GET THE WRONG *IDEA*, SON. YOU'RE *NOT* BEING *PUNISHED*. YOU *HAVEN'T* DONE ANYTHING *WRONG*.

BUT THOSE *REDS*-- THEY MAKE YOU PRETTY *WILD*. AND THE *DEPARTMENT* IS GETTING A LITTLE *HEAT*, AS YOU CAN SEE... SO UNTIL YOUR *RELOCATION*...

THIS IS MY *COUNTRY*. I WANT TO *STAY* HERE.

MP

MP

YOU'LL SERVE IT BETTER *OVERSEAS*, SON. THAT'S WHERE THE *ENEMY* IS.

DAILY BUGLE

Mystery Killer Attacks Hell's Kitchen

Dozens Dead

NO. THE ENEMY IS *HERE*. *HERE*.

THE SOLDIER TRIES NOT TO REMEMBER HOW IT USED TO BE--WHEN BREAKING INTO TOP SECRET RECORDS OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE--AN ACT OF TREASON--WAS UNTHINKABLE.

UNTHINKABLE--BECAUSE IT WAS UNNECESSARY.

HE TRIES NOT TO RESENT THE COMPUTERS, ONLY AN OLD MAN WOULD.

HE PUNCHES THE KEYS AND BREAKS THE RIGHT CODES AND PRAYS THAT HE IS WRONG.

PROJECT REBIRTH--THE WORD FLASHES ON THE SCREEN. THEN A NAME, HIS NAME...

STEVE ROGERS. UNFIT FOR ACTIVE DUTY. SUBJECT OF A CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT THAT MADE HIM A SUPERMAN.

STEVE ROGERS--THE SUPER SOLDIER--PROTOTYPE FOR WHAT WAS TO BE AN AMERICAN FIGHTING ELITE.

IF ONLY IT HAD GONE DIFFERENTLY, HE THINKS. IF ONLY THE SERUM AND THE MIND THAT HELD IT HAD NOT BEEN DESTROYED...

...WE COULD HAVE WON THE WAR WITH CLEAN HANDS--NOT WITH MILLIONS OF INNOCENTS MURDERED BY ATOMIC FIRE.

ALL THIS IS OLD NEWS. BEST NOT TO DWELL ON IT.

CODE AFTER CODE HE UNTANGLES, EASILY, IMPATIENTLY, HUNTING FOR ATTEMPTS TO REVIVE PROJECT REBIRTH.

HIS STOMACH LURCHES AS TWENTY NAMES APPEAR.

TWENTY.

DEAD--ALL BUT ONE.

AGENT SIMPSON.

CODE NAME: NUKE.

THIS IS THE ENEMY-- THIS--

--THEY LIE ABOUT US--MAKE US FEEL ASHAMED--

FREEZE, MAN--

SETTLE DOWN, SON--

SIR-- YOU RE IN THE WAY--

--WE SHOULD NEVER FEEL ASHAMED-- NEVER--

KBLAM

FFIT

SHOOT HIM-- SHOOT--

SIR-- YOU'RE--

WHOKK

KBLAM BLAM BLAMM

SKRAKK

NOW SON--

--DON'T-- GO OFF HALF COCKED...

KBLAM

I WON'T LET YOU DOWN, SIR.

HEY TRY

--TO MAKE OUR BOYS ASHAMED--

AROOGA AROOGA

HELL'S KITCHEN

...COSTUME GIVES ME A PSYCHOLOGICAL ADVANTAGE OVER CRIMINALS, KAREN. .

...MAKES IT EASIER TO *MOVE*...

...REALLY, IT'S *CRUCIAL*...

RIGHT, RIGHT...

THE AWARD FROM THE BUSINESSMEN'S ASSOCIATION WAS EARNED BY HARD WORK--BY HAVING THE ARM BROKEN OF THE DAUGHTER OF AN OIL EXECUTIVE--BY PROCURING A SIXTEEN MILLIMETER FILM OF ACTS BEYOND DESCRIPTION FOR AN AUTOMOBILE DISTRIBUTOR...

...YEARS OF HARD WORK, HE THINKS. NOW THEY CHEER ME.

THE KINGPIN OF CRIME ... HOW EASILY I WILL SHED THAT TITLE. HOW HAPPILY.

THIS IS MY FUTURE--TO LEAVE THE UNDERWORLD BEHIND...NO, TO BRING IT WITH ME...

...THEN, FROM NOWHERE, IT STRIKES HIM--

--LIKE THE HAMMER BLOW THAT STRUCK HIS SKULL WHEN HE WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD AND SECONDS FROM HIS FIRST MURDER--

--THE NAME.

MURDOCK.

HE IS THERE WHEN I LEAST EXPECT HIM. HE HUNTS ME, HAUNTS ME, LAUGHS AT ME--

--HE IS NOTHING. ONLY A MAN.

I HAVE BROKEN SO MANY.

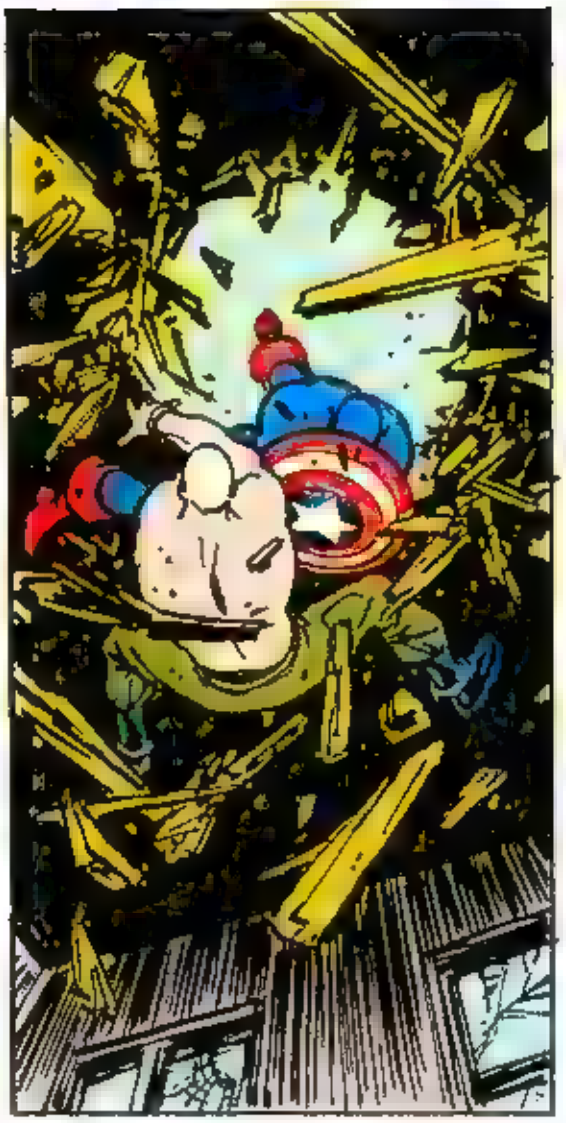
WESLEY--WITH SOMETHING ABOUT NUKE...

KBLAMM KBLAMM

KBLAMM KBLAMM KPWING KPWING

KPWING

KBLAMM



THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FED BY COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS TO CLEVER CON MEN AND NOW STAND POISED--

--TO BE FUNNELED INTO THE TECHNICALLY LEGITIMATE SIDE OF THE KINGPIN'S FINANCIAL EMPIRE.

RINGG

THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS OF REBUILT DINER...

...OUR ARMY CONTACT SAYS NUKE BROKE OUT, HEADED FOR THE DAILY BUGLE.

SCRAMBLE ROARK AND WIRE HIM GOOD. GET HIM IN POSITION AND WAIT FOR THE KILL ORDER...

THE SOLDIER REMEMBERS THE TIME BEFORE HE WAS FROZEN.

HE REMEMBERS THE SMILES. THERE WAS SO MUCH HOPE IN THAT TIME. HIS TIME.

HE REMEMBERS THE WAR...

THREE BLOCKS AWAY-- HAS TO BE THEM--

THE SOLDIER THINKS OF AIRPLANES, THE OLD KIND. THEN HE THINKS OF EGG BEATERS--

--IT'S THE SOUND-- ARMY HELICOPTERS --HOVERING OVER THE ROOF--

CAPTAIN...

...LEAVE ME HERE, CAPTAIN. I'LL HOLD THE LINE...

ON YOUR FEET, SERGEANT

THERE WAS SOMETHING MORE CLEAN ABOUT THE PLANES.

THOUGH THEY DROPPED BOMBS THAT BURNED FLESH AND DESTROYED THE EFFORTS OF GENERATIONS...

--THOSE HELICOPTERS --MOVING IN--

--I DON'T LIKE WHAT THEY'RE SAYING TO EACH OTHER--

--WAIT TILL THEY COME OUT--KEEP IT TIGHT--

...THE PLANES DIDN'T SNEAK IN CLOSE, LIKE THE HELICOPTERS DO. THEY DIDN'T PICK OFF THEIR VICTIMS LIKE GIANT INSECTS FROM A HORROR MOVIE...

...DON'T BE OLD, THINKS THE SOLDIER. DON'T BE CRAZY.

THOSE ARE OUR BOYS.

KEEP IT TIGHT-- ON MY ORDER--

--FIRE--

BRAKABRAKABR

BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA

SPAK-SPAK-SPAK-SPAK-SPAK

--CEASE FIRE-- GENERAL'S ORDERS --MOVE IN ON FOOT--

--TAGGED HIM--

BRA--CK

WENT OFF THE ROOF-- THAT WAY--

SIR--WE CAN'T LET YOU--NFF

I RESPECT THAT, LIEUTENANT.

SOMEBODY CALL A COP!

LUNATIC STOLE MY CAB!

SKREE

RED LIGHT YOU--

SKREECHH HONKK

--BLIND, MAN?--CAN'T YOU SEE--

RADAR'S USELESS-- WHAT THE WINDSHIELD LETS THROUGH THE RAIN TEARS TO BITS--

--TOO MUCH NOISE--HARD TO SORT--

SKREEE

HONK

--SOMEWHERE IN IT I PICK UP HIS HEARTBEAT, IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD.

SKRUMPP

MANIAC--

MISSION-- STATUS?--

YOU'RE GOING HOME, SERGEANT.

AS LONG AS THERE'S A CHANCE--TO GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL--

-- PROMISED -PROMISED YOU'D NEVER DO THAT. -P

NO. NO HOSPITAL.

ONE PLACE--LEFT TO TAKE HIM--

--ONE PURPOSE--HE CAN STILL SERVE...

SRRR EEEEE

ABOVE...

HE'S HEADING EAST NOW...

KEEP ON IT, CORPORAL...

WAIT--SCAN THAT ROOF. HEAT SENSORS.

YES, SIR.

SIR, I'M PICKING SOMETHING UP. HOW COULD YOU SEE...

DAREDEVIL, BOSS. HEISTED NUKE--AND A CAB, DRIVING WEST ON--WAIT A MINUTE...

...MAKE THAT EAST ON TWENTY-THIRD.

EAST. THE DAILY BUGLE. WE MUST ASSUME THAT NUKE HAS OVERCOME DAREDEVIL--AND IS FOLLOWING HIS ORIGINAL PLAN.

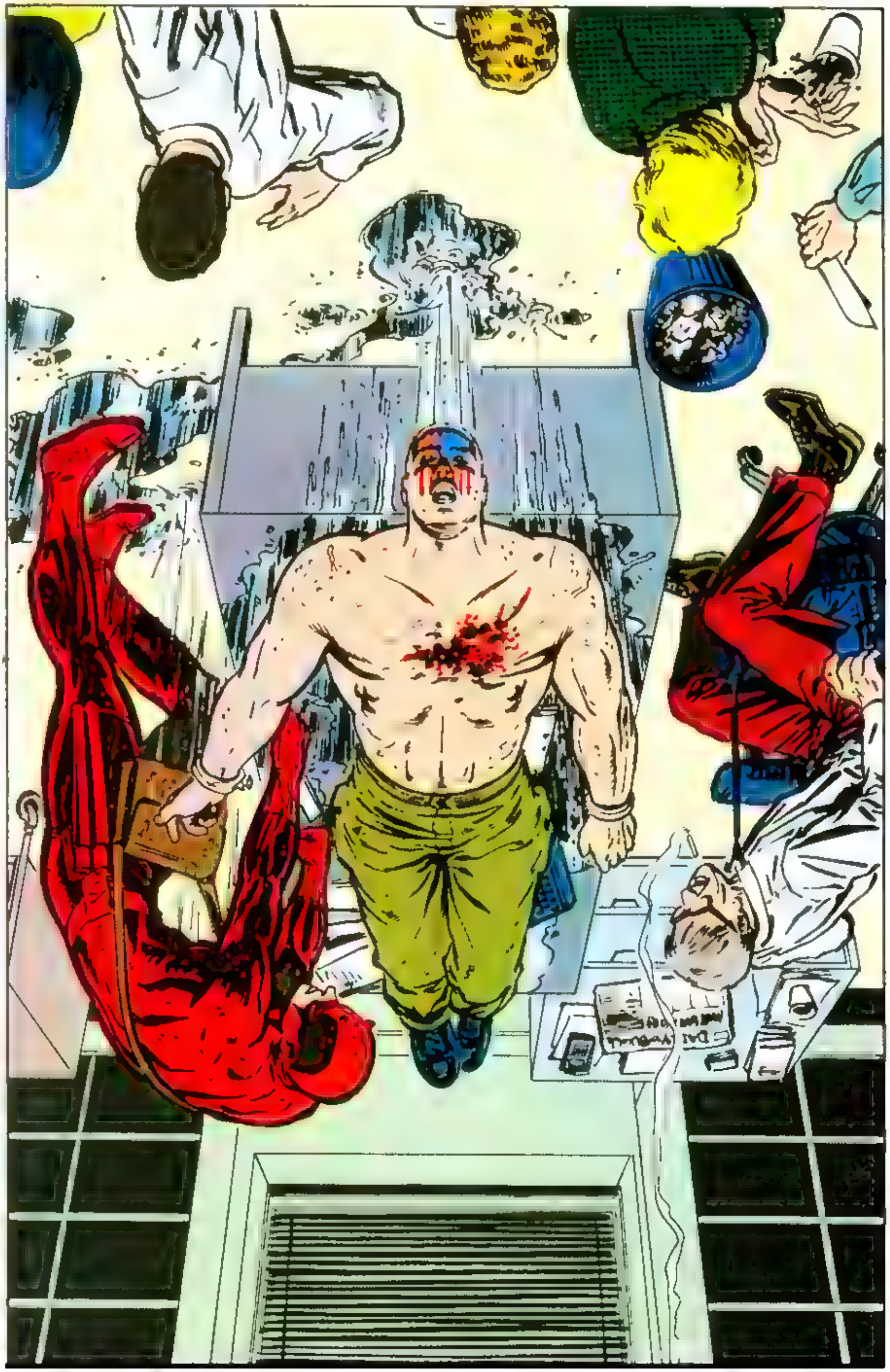
PATCH ME THROUGH TO OUR SQUAD ON THE BUGLE'S ROOF.

WINCH--COME IN, WINCH...

...STEINER. REPORT.

STEINER--DO YOU COPY?

YBI



THE NEXT FEW WEEKS GO POORLY FOR THE KINGPIN OF CRIME.

ONE OF THE HIT MEN PLACED ON THE ROOF OF THE DAILY BUGLE NAMES THE CRIMELORD AS RESPONSIBLE FOR NUKE'S ASSAULT.

THEN, FROM EVERYWHERE, THE CHARGES COME...

DAILY BUGLE

US ARMY SUPER KILLER

KINGPIN IMPLICATED IN HELL'S KITCHEN SLAUGHTER

...FROM CITIZENS GROUPS AND SENATE SUB-COMMITTEES--FIRED BY TESTIMONY FROM DISGRUNTLED EX-EMPLOYEES, BAG MEN AND NUMBERS RUNNERS BARTERING AWAY PRISON SENTENCES--

--SPEAKING MORE SWIFTLY THAN THE KINGPIN CAN HAVE THEM KILLED...

...AND THE FACES OF HIS LIEUTENANTS GROW SULLEN AND HOSTILE. HIS COMMANDS ARE OBEYED, BUT FAR TOO SLOWLY...

FEW OF THE CHARGES STICK. THOSE THAT DO ARE SKILLFULLY CAST INTO YEARS OF LITIGATION.

STILL, IN THE EYES OF EVERYONE EXCEPT, AS YET, THE LAW--HE IS A VILLAIN.

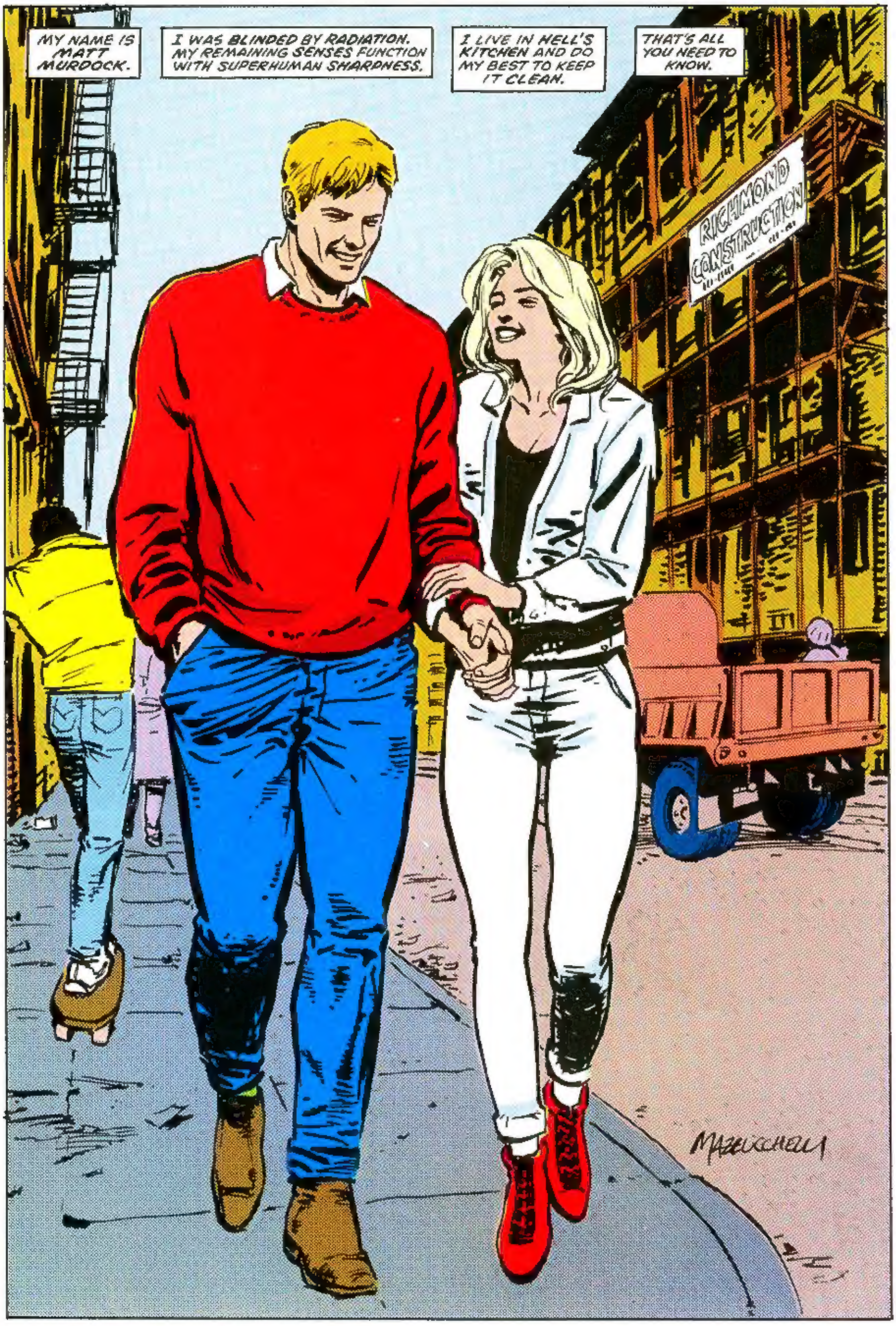
HE IS SHUNNED--EVEN CONDEMNED--BY THE BUSINESSMEN WHO SO RECENTLY CHEERED HIM.

THE LAW.

...AT LEAST I TOOK THAT FROM HIM.

MURDOCK, HE THINKS.

AND PLANS.


MY NAME IS MATT MURDOCK.
I WAS BLINDED BY RADIATION. MY REMAINING SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS.
I LIVE IN HELL'S KITCHEN AND DO MY BEST TO KEEP IT CLEAN.
THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.
RICHMOND CONSTRUCTION
MAZZUCCHELLI

It's almost criminal how easy David makes it to write a script. He makes a three-dimensional stage of the individual panel, complete in authentic detail, nonetheless uncluttered and utterly readable. He creates actors whose dramatic range is startling, whose best and most compelling moments are wordless.

He's talked of writing his own comics. Keep an eye out for them. I will.

Frank Miller
Los Angeles 1987

"And I—I have shown him . . . that a man without hope is a man without fear."

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a Behry Scan